The Outlook

Volume 141 October 28, 1925 Number 9

The Bombardment of the Navy

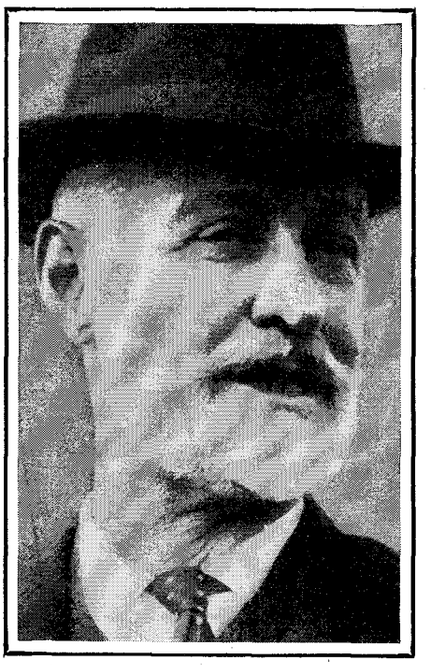
ADMIRAL SIMS, Commander of the American Fleet in the World War, was characteristically definite, pungent, and outspoken in his testimony before the President's Air Board. On the one hand, he scored the over-conservatism and ignorance of leaders in the Navy which hampered naval aviation —and not aviation only, but other parts of the Navy. "For many years," he said, "the Navy has been controlled by uneducated and untrained officers—untrained in a military sense—who have been appointed to the most important positions." He attributed this largely to Secretary Daniels, but he included in his criticism Mr. Daniels's two successors. He commended General Mitchell for bringing aviation to the attention of the people, but he disagreed absolutely with him on the matter of organization. Admiral Sims does not approve of a separate air force, and he deplored the action of the American Legion in passing resolutions in favor of it. "The idea of using the influence of a great organization," said Admiral Sims, "in order to put through a certain measure is determining our National defenses by popular opinion of people who are not informed, and it is extremely dangerous."

Next week we shall print correspondence from Washington describing the Air Board in action and characterizing the testimony it heard.

Putting the Buck Where It Can't Be Passed

COUNTY government in New York, as in other States, is antiquated. It grew up under primitive conditions which have now largely disappeared. On election day this year, November 3, the people of Westchester and Nassau Counties in New York will have a chance to adopt new county charters.

Of the two, the proposed Westchester charter is the simpler, but both are based on the same principle of concentrating executive authority and responsibility. In the Westchester charter, for instance, the supervisors, who are elected from the towns and now have a sort of distributive executive authority, are confined to legislative functions, and the executive authority is vested in a Board of Estimate and Apportionment consisting of three elected officers—a county president, a vice-president, and a commissioner of finance. This Board makes the



Admiral Sims—Trenchant Critic of Naval Policy

estimate each year of revenue and expense, and its budget cannot be exceeded in any of its items by the appropriations of the Board of Supervisors. The county president has the power to appoint and dismiss the heads of departments.

Those who distrust the power of the people to govern themselves do not like this charter. They want government cluttered up with checks and balances. But an increasing number of American citizens believe that authority should be brought out into the open, where it can be seen, and that the people can be trusted to hold those who exercise that authority responsible.

The same principle of bringing government into the open is behind the movement for the short—or shorter—ballot, now up for consideration by the people of the State of New York.

Carmel-by-the-Sea

ON that gracious sweep of the Californian coast known as the Bay of Monterey there is a little village called Carmel-by-the-Sea. It did not grow like most villages; it was deliberately founded. And at the time of its foundation, now a considerable number of years ago, it was far away from anywhere. The first villagers, a group of artists and writers and searchers after the simple life, established themselves here because, as they would put it, they desired to get away from "progress" spelled with a big "P."

The very fact, however, that they were trying to do "something different" soon threatened to be their own undoing. Carmel-by-the-Sea became a curiosity; it became an interesting objective for an automobile trip. Undeterred by the jealously preserved eleven curves on the highway which links Carmel with Monterey and the world, motorists, in ever-increasing numbers joyfully made the trip—and told their friends. After the motorists came the "realtors" and promoters, buying up lots and waiting for the inevitable "raise." Later came the demand from this business army of occupation for "improvements," asphalt pavings, sidewalks, graded streets, better plumbing, and the elimination of the eleven curves.

For over twelve years now the contest has gone on with varying fortune. Quite recently it seemed as though "progress" must surely win the day. "You cannot lose money at Carmel-by-the-Sea!" had become a veritable slogan in the ranks of the real estate army; with Carmel improved you could not fail to make a fortune. When the matter came up for decision recently, both sides bestirred themselves as never before, and all California looked on with curious interest. The villagers—the fundamentalists, as they are called—won the day. By solid majorities the asphalt pavings, the sidewalks, the graded streets, were voted

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down, and the proposal for the elimination of the eleven curves indignantly rejected.

Just before the ballot the Protective League of Carmel-by-the-Sea issued a statement. "We made our escape," it declared, "from cities only to be pursued in this quiet retreat by 'realtors' and 'promoters.' Carmel is a village. The majority of its taxpayers came here, not to promote or even endure commercial or metropolitan enterprises, but to escape them and their attending evils of exorbitant expenses and destruction of privacy and of quiet."

We have nothing but kindly feelings towards "progress," even when spelled with a big "P;" it has much to be said for it. Our sympathies nevertheless are with the Carmelites.

Hoover Warns the States

ARE the States which once were so touchy about Federal encroachment upon their rights now willing to forego the larger part of those rights in order that they may be able to shift certain burdens over to the Federal Government? The question is raised by the address of Secretary of Commerce Hoover before the meeting, recently held in Washington, of the National Association of Railroad and Public Utilities Commissioners.

Dual government, Secretary Hoover said, is in peril. The local self-government side of it appears about to be sacrificed to paternalism, and it sometimes seems that the States are willing to surrender their rights if they may at the same time shift their responsibilities. The Federal Government is already in large part, he said, a "centralized bureaucracy." "If we do not resist this extension," he asked, "what becomes of that fundamental freedom and independence that can rise only in local self-government?" He undertook to mark, too, the line beyond which the States should not yield or the Federal Government seek to encroach. "Where the States can equally well solve these problems," he said, "there is no remote reason for Federal invasion."

The immediate purpose of Secretary Hoover's address was to express disapproval of proposals to substitute Federal for State and municipal control of electric public utilities, but the danger, he points out, does not lie in that situation alone. For the time being, the States appear to be not sufficiently jealous of their rights generally. There appears to be too much grasping for the supposed material benefits of Federal control, with little thought for what the States are giving up.

This attitude will not continue forever. The American people, when they think of it, have no intention of surrendering local government. But there is danger that irreparable harm may be done before public attention returns to the safeguards of individual and local freedom.

Rounding Up the British Reds

IN strict law, the British Government has doubtless a good case against the eight "Reds" just arrested. It is a crime to foment revolution, and neither in speech nor in writing are Communists careful to avoid incitements to mutiny in the armed forces of the crown. Indeed, so clear is the case on technical grounds, that last year one of the defendants, John H. Campbell, editor of the "Workers' Weekly," was indicted (and released) by the Labor Government itself. The real question is whether the prosecutions are politic. Hitherto Britain has allowed extremists of every kind to blow off steam, and as a forum for faddists Hyde Park has long been famous. In fact, there has been no prosecution of Labor leaders since the year 1885, when, after riots in the West End of London, John Burns, among others, was sent to prison. That later he became the first trade-unionist to enter the Cabinet is perhaps significant.

In the Burns case there was actual violence. But to-day the Communists, however mistaken they may be, are charged only with propaganda. It is not suggested that they have actually caused a mutiny among soldiers, sailors, airmen, and police, or that any damage to life and property has followed their leafleteering. Hence it will be urged on their behalf that they are to be punished for opinion. And we shall hear pointed references to Lords Carson and Birkenhead, both of them judges, who before the war were accused of using language calculated to incite Ulster to resist the authority of Parliament as then expressed in the Home Rule Bill.

What the Government fears is the situation in the coal mines. Early next year a truce of nine months will expire. A royal commission is using the interval to work out a plan of peace. Acting under instructions from Russia, the Communists, on their side, are advocating a general strike. As a precaution, many bodies of "Fascisti" are formed. And they have received the blessing of the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks. The O. M. S., as it is called, or Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies, is now administering to its members the oath required of special constables. And the danger is that Labor, on its side, may enroll a Workers' Army. The game is one at which two can play.

The position would be simpler if you could definitely segregate the Communists from Socialists and the trade unions. But "red" is a color of many shades. One defendant, Harry Pollitt, is secretary of what Labor calls the National Minority Movement, which is only pink. Yet it carried the Scarborough Congress against MacDonald; and at Liverpool—the Labor Party's Conference—had a solid backing of 100,000 votes by card. Many a worker, while repudiating Communism as a creed, will be angered at prosecutions aimed, as he will think, at freedom of speech among his shopmates. The action of the Government, therefore, is bound to be hotly debated when Parliament meets. The hand of Prime Minister Baldwin has been forced, so it would appear, by Die-Hards who complain that, in his dealings with Labor he has not shown a sufficiently robust attitude.

King Rubber

THE world at large and this country in particular needs more rubber. This need will increase, and at this time the supply is decreasing. The danger of a diminishing supply is not so much because Great Britain has restricted rubber exportation from India as because there has for some years been a reduction there in the planting of rubber trees. Crude rubber has risen in price.

There has naturally been talk of American-grown or American-owned rubber for America. To-day it is said that Great Britain and Holland control over ninety per cent of the output. There are climatic possibilities in the Philippines, but there are also political difficulties. Rubber-growing concessions from Mexico to American capitalists have been discussed. Other plans have been suggested, but with little or no practical result.

Now comes a definite and large scheme under adequate financial backing. Mr.

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Be blessed for making up this peace

(*Coriolanus, Act V, Scene 3*)

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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That disconcerting possibility

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Cargill in the Central Press

Joan of Arc rides again

Cargill in the Central Press

ARE THEY REALLY GOING TO LIE DOWN TOGETHER AT LAST?
U.S.
UNPAID WAR DEBTS AND TRADE POSSIBILITIES FOR THE FUTURE
ORDER BOOK
PLEASE REPRINT
NATIONS OF EUROPE
LOCARNO CONFERENCE

The anxious seat!

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

The "Swiss movement" for peace

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Harvey S. Firestone, well known to the general public as the friend of Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, is the head of a large tire-manufacturing concern, and is therefore strongly interested in the rubber question. He looks chiefly to Liberia but partly to Mexico for American-controlled rubber. He announces that the Firestone Plantation Company has signed an agreement with the Liberian Government by which it obtains a lease of 1,000,000 acres of land suitable for rubber growing, for ninety-nine years, as well as a plantation of 2,000 acres fully matured and in bearing. In Mexico a lease of 35,000 acres has been taken. Already planting companies have been organized in Liberia, and contracts have been made for shipping facilities, now non-existent, and for roads and plants.

Liberia is not America, but she is a sort of foster-child of America, and there is no danger of interference by bandits or revolutionists—which certainly cannot be said of Mexico. Though the climate is suited for rubber trees, it is not for white laborers; but it is probable that out of the two million native Liberians laborers in abundance may be supplied.

The undertaking is vast and ambitious, but there is nothing wild about it. It will take years to reach full fruition, but Mr. Firestone is not a Colonel Mulberry Sellers, and when he estimates that full production in Liberia will turn out a third of the present rubber output he is entitled to a respectful hearing.

Honor to an Argentine Hero

In recognition of the presentation to Argentina by citizens of the United States several years ago of a statue of George Washington, the people of that progressive and friendly South American Republic have reciprocated by sending here a handsome monument of their illustrious national hero, General José de San Martin, who led them as well as the neighboring Republics of Chile and Peru in their war of independence against Spain a century ago. The statue, which has been erected almost within a stone's throw of the Capitol in Washington, will be accepted on behalf of the American people by President Coolidge, with the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Honorio Pueyrredon, making the presentation. The unveiling is to take place on the date of this issue, October 28.

The San Martin statue will be the first of a foreign hero, aside from a number who fought in the War of the Revolution and Joan of Arc, to stand in the National capital. An artistic work of bronze and granite, it bears the names of the principal battles in which he participated in aiding the South American colonies to throw off the oppressive yoke of Spain, with bronze bas-reliefs along the sides depicting historic scenes from these battles—San Lorenzo, Chacabuco, Maipu, and Lima. Everything about the monument, even the sand used in the foundation, was brought from Argentina, from places connected with the hero; and so it is completely a gift from that sister Republic.

A constant reminder of similar aims and ideals, the San Martin statue, in Judiciary Square in Washington, should aid in the growing friendship between the two nations.

Mexico Again Threatens Foreign Property Rights

Confiscation of American and other foreign property rights in Mexico, a subject long debated before recognition by the United States two years ago of the new administration in the southern Republic, again is threatened as the result of a bill introduced with the approval of President Calles and his Secretary of State. The bill aims to regulate the famous Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, relating to the legal capacity to acquire ownership of lands and waters. It is around this article of the Constitution of 1917 that most of the controversy affecting Mexico internationally has raged.

As long as there is no interpretation of the article interfering with validly acquired rights, neither the United States nor any other outside nation has the right to protest; but this Government has made it plain to Mexico time and again during the past few years substantially what former Secretary of State Hughes said; namely, that "when a nation has invited intercourse with other nations, has established laws under which investments have been lawfully made, contracts entered into, and property rights acquired by citizens or other jurisdictions, it is an essential condition of international intercourse that international obligations shall be met and that there shall be no resort to confiscation or repudiation."

The proposed Mexican law, which in some quarters is believed to be merely a "gesture" on the part of the Calles Government to satisfy certain political factions at home, provides that any foreigner having part in a Mexican company which owns or acquires land or water rights outside of a prohibited zone, extending one hundred kilometers from the international border or fifty kilome-

Loaned by the Pan American Union

The Gift of Argentina to the United States

The statue of General San Martin in its home in our National capital

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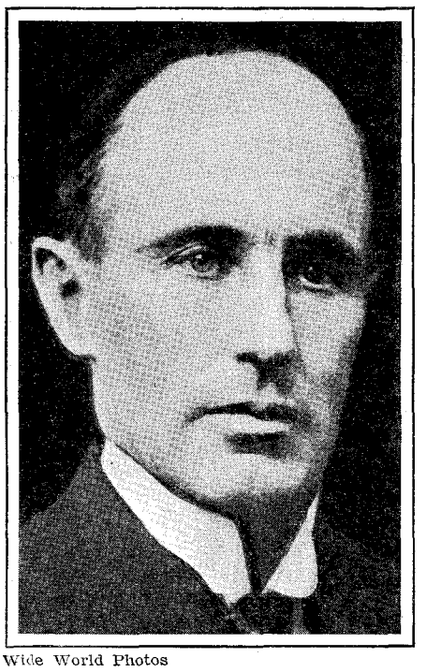

Wide World Photos

Arthur Meighen

ters from the seacoast, must agree to consider himself a Mexican citizen as far as the property in question is concerned, and "not to invoke the protection of his Government" in matters relating thereto, under penalty of having his part of the property confiscated. The law provides that unless this is done "it shall not be possible to consider a conveyance retroactively perfect." No company in which more than fifty per cent of the interest is held by foreigners may enjoy the privileges granted to Mexican companies. In addition, as to foreigners who have acquired land or water rights in the prohibited zone, it is required that they dispose of their property or rights within three years, "unless they acquire Mexican nationality in accordance with the legal provisions in force."

Mexico requires foreign capital for her development; there is not enough within her own borders; and yet she constantly throws difficulties in the way of that aid which she needs, without which, in fact, she could not live. Malcontents at home, those who rebel at the thought of any foreign economic invasion and those who are always seeking for a way to acquire through virtual confiscation or otherwise valuable foreign property rights for a song, make it difficult at times for the Mexican Government in power to avoid a show at least of effort to invalidate these rights. If that is what Calles is doing, the proposed legislation will come to nothing. If he has more serious intentions, he will doubtless have called to his attention the understanding which was reached with the United States prior to the extension of recognition in August, 1923, to the effect that no retroactive interpretation was to be given to Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution. Mexico has been informed that this Government has nothing to say as to what she does in regard to future acquisition of property and rights in that country, but that the United States intends to safeguard the property of its citizens legally acquired under existing laws.

Canada's Elections

On October 29 three political parties (Liberal, Conservative, and Progressive) go before the voters of the Dominion of Canada in a general election.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, dissolved the last Legislature because he felt that the issues raised by tariff, transportation, and immigration problems, combined with the perennial question of Senate reform, should be submitted to the voting public.

It is also understood that political conditions entered into the Prime Minister's decision. This year the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have voted by large majorities to return to the Conservative fold. In Parliament the Liberals have been able to rule only by virtue of the votes of the Progressives, while there has been a steady increase of dissatisfaction in the press.

An issue of importance involved in the election relates to the Canadian tariff against this country. The opponent at the polls of Mr. Mackenzie King, Mr. Arthur Meighen, who was formerly himself Prime Minister, is the leader of the Conservative Party, and is committed to a high tariff against America. The Conservatives wish to stop the export of raw materials to us, claiming that their manufacture into finished products in Canada would do much to stem the tide of emigration into this country by raising the standard of living. It is said in reply that the tariff reduction by the Liberals nearly four years ago has operated to secure an increase in the export trade of nearly $250,000,000 during the Liberal régime.

The Progressive Party, led by Robert Forke, is essentially a farmers' party and stands for cheap agricultural implements and articles necessary to production, together with free trade in all the necessities of life.

The railway problem is almost as large

International

Mackenzie King

as the tariff question. The Conservatives want full co-operation between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National system in the interests of economy. The Liberals are for a modified co-operation, while the Progressives are running the gauntlet of unpopularity by demanding nationalization of all the Canadian railways.

It seems to depend on the Progressives in the west whether the Liberal Government will be displaced by the Conservatives or not.

Senator Ralston Dies

Samuel M. Ralston, who died at his home, near Indianapolis, on October 14, was perhaps the last of the Democrats as Democrats were measured by pre-Bryan standards—the last, that is, to bulk large in National party estimation. In many respects he resembled Cleveland. There was not in him very much of brilliance, but he was thoroughly sane, thoroughly sound, completely devoted to a set of political principles which used to guide the Democratic Party.

Ralston's political record was too meager to make of him a figure sufficiently conspicuous to attract the Presidential lightning. He had been most of his life an unpretentious lawyer and farmer. He was for one term Governor of Indiana. He had been for a single year a United States Senator when the Democratic National Convention met in 1924. That was all he had of political achievement in a long lifetime. Yet that

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Convention probably would have nominated him for President had he not made it plain that he would refuse if nominated.

The swing to Ralston came after the Smith-McAdoo fight had gone to unreasonable length. The Convention, in its exhaustion, had for the moment a vision of old-time Democratic sanity and a longing to return to it. Ralston appeared as the one man who could bridge the gap to the honorable past, and he refused to be nominated on the ground that he was too old and not physically able to do the cause justice in a campaign. Perhaps there was in his mind, too, the fact that the party had already wounded itself beyond hope of recovery in that campaign; but the reason given was sufficient.

Ralston did not have the opportunity to accomplish much as a member of the United States Senate. Had he come to the Senate earlier, in the prime of his life, he would have made a record of substantial service second to that of few men who have served in the upper house of Congress.

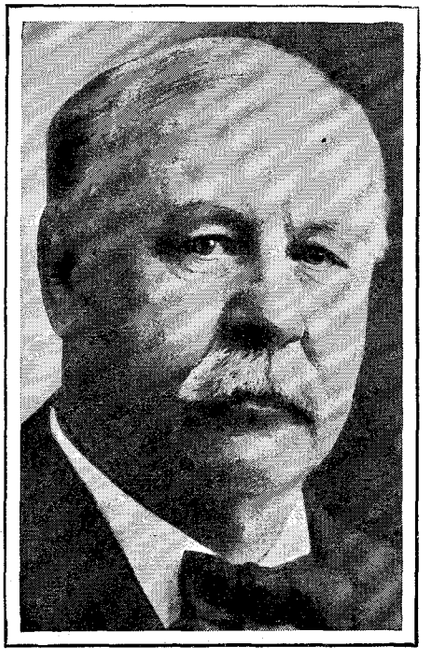
The immediate political effect of Senator Ralston's death is that the Republicans will have one more vote in the Senate to count upon during the forthcoming session. Arthur R. Robinson, whom Governor Jackson has appointed to serve during twelve months of the term for which Senator Ralston was elected, has announced that he will "faithfully support President Coolidge."

Lo, the Poor Consumer!

Is hard coal for domestic use to become a luxury available only for the rich? The three anthracite strikes of 1922–5 indicate a strong probability that the coal industry is approaching that conclusion. If miners will not arbitrate wages, and operators and selling and carrying agencies will not take lower profits, and Congress will not adopt any of the measures proposed by the Coal Commission, then the householder who now uses hard coal will tire of his struggle to get it in the bin and face the alternative of doing regularly what the other coal-users of the country have done—that is, use soft coal.

A feature of the present coal situation is that the hard-coal owners are themselves urging the use of substitutes. The amount of anthracite in the ground is limited and closely held. Its owners and handlers may argue that in the long run the industry will make more money by selling less and keeping the price up. The working miners, too, seem satisfied to take a strike-vacation nearly every year so long as they can maintain or increase wages; a Pennsylvania license law prevents outside miners from getting their jobs.

The number of coal consumers who incline to cut free altogether from hard coal is increasing. Pretty soon the strike method of settling coal controversies will drive the public to put up with substitutes permanently—such as oil and gas—rather than to be the buffer between labor and capital.



Samuel M. Ralston

The Outlook's Anti-Pollution Platform Indorsed

Congressman Clarence MacGregor in an address before the New York Waterways Association quoted and indorsed The Outlook's anti-pollution platform:

> The Nation has an inalienable right to clean waters.
>
> Disposition of the waste of industry is a proper charge against industry, and against industry alone.
>
> No corporations and no communities have any more right to pollute the waters with their waste than have citizens to dump refuse on their neighbors' property.

Congressman MacGregor pointed out the need for immediate action by the States to support the recent legislation by Congress. He said:

> Congress is limited in its powers. It can only legislate as to navigation. It has gone to the extent of curbing the discharge of oil into coastal waters, but much further it cannot go. The power rests with the States. Some progress has been made by the States. Most of them have laws upon their statute-books, but in the main poorly enforced. I do not say that there should be an immediate ruthless enforcement, but the enforcement should be more rapid. Methods of disposal should be adopted to rapidly lessen the dangers of industrial waste and the communities should be required more rapidly to discontinue the making of their sewage a source of danger and disgust.

He is not an alarmist when he says:

> Civilization must not be allowed to destroy itself. We must not be blind to the fact that the destruction of natural resources is suicide. Our civilization is too ruthless. We dry up our streams by failing to protect our forests. We kill the bird life by taking away their dwelling-places and leave the fields open for the pests that destroy our agriculture. We kill off our fish by destroying their home. We create cesspools from which to extract our drinking water. We fill our graveyards with the victims of our barbarity. We are more than foolish. We are absolutely stupid.

Let's send more men to Congress and to our State Legislatures who are equally alive to the menace of water pollution.

The Real End of the War

October 16, 1925, may stand in history as the date when the World War really came to an end.

Hostilities ceased on November 11, 1918; but the belligerents remained belligerents. Peace nominally was restored when the Treaty of Versailles went into effect; but there was no real peace. The will of Germany was still kept subordinate to the will of the Allies by means of the open display of force, and for months afterward the conflict continued with Germany vainly resisting. When at last Germany abandoned her futile so-called passive resistance, peace came within sight; but it has now appeared to be definitely settling upon Europe only with the conclusion of the Conference just held at Locarno.

If a state of war has been really replaced by a state of peace, it is not because of any particular machinery that has been erected for preserving peace; it is because the nations involved have now a will to peace. Nevertheless the ma-

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chinery erected makes that will effective. The discussions and the consequent treaties at Locarno not only express a new disposition but foster and promote it.

This is something that could not be imposed upon the nations of Europe by any superior force. The effort to organize the world to enforce peace upon Europe did not and could not succeed. The European nations had to work out their own salvation. Although the agreements made at Locarno contain references to the League of Nations, they were produced outside of the League and they are valid without the League. When the League attempted to impose security upon Europe by means of a Protocol, the nations rebelled, but what they refused to do under compulsion they have mutually agreed to do voluntarily.

At the same time the Locarno agreements have materially strengthened the League as an agent for preserving the balance of power against war in Europe. Similarly they have given new support to the Permanent Court of International Justice and have established more firmly than ever the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes. The force of these agreements, however, does not reside in their appeal either to the League or to the Court or to the Convention, but in the measure of good faith with which they will be observed.

Not one of these agreements is any stronger or more explicit than the treaty which made Belgium neutral and supposedly inviolate; and yet Germany, when she thought victory was in her grasp, broke her word and tore up her bond. There should be no illusion about Locarno; but in so far as Germany has learned, and by her experience has taught the rest of the world, that infidelity brings retribution there is a sound basis in the Locarno agreements for hope and confidence.

Now that Europe seems to be getting together, America should look to her diplomacy. The United States is rich (or is thought to be) and unpopular. Creditors are not usually loved. America's business is to avoid everything which will tend to make the European Powers pool their interests in opposition to the interests of America. We have interests in common with every one of the countries in the Locarno agreement. It is the task of American statesmanship to make clear that, whatever the conflicting interests may be, the common interests of America with Europe are paramount.

Reclaiming Reclamation

THERE is nothing new about Reclamation. Among the ancient remains of man's industry are the dams and ditches that people of old constructed to bring water to arid lands. When President Roosevelt made Reclamation in the West one of his outstanding policies, he was simply establishing in America something that had been tested by the experience of mankind. If his recommendations had been followed by Congress, the difficulties which are now threatening the whole policy of Reclamation with disaster would have been avoided.

It is useless to cry over spilled milk—or wasted water. What has been unwisely done cannot now be undone. Much of it can be abandoned and the cost charged to experience, or politics, or profit and loss, or what you will. Some of it can be bettered by the spending of more money. Most of all, the repetition of those errors can be avoided if Congress will have the sense and take the time to change the Reclamation laws. No time need be spent in finding out what needs to be done. That has been very well found out by the fact-finding committee appointed by Secretary Work.

The members of that Committee were:

Thomas E. Campbell, former Governor of Arizona,

James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior under President Roosevelt,

Oscar E. Bradfute, former President of the American Farm Bureau Federation,

Clyde C. Dawson, former President of the Colorado Bar Association and a specialist in irrigation law,

Elwood Mead, irrigation engineer and Director of the Reclamation Service,

John A. Widtsoe, former President of the University of Utah and authority on dry farming and irrigation.

Their report is unanimous.

It has lain in the archives of the Senate for a year and a half. It will stay there unnoticed for a century and a half unless the people of the country who do not want their money wasted and who do not want unjust conditions to continue over a large area wake Congress up to its duty.

Those who want to inform themselves on this subject can do no better than to send for Senate document No. 92 of the Sixty-eighth Congress, first session,

It would be well at the outset to remove from the minds of the suspicious the idea that the policy of Reclamation as such has been under attack. This Report makes clear—

That Reclamation is not a failure;

That the Federal water users are not trying to repudiate their just debts to the Government;

That there has been no engineering inefficiency and no corruption.

What that board of fact-finders has discovered and what it recommends we shall discuss at a later time. In the meanwhile it would be well for citizens to suggest to their Representatives and Senators that they unearth this Report and read it—if not all of it, at least the President's Message on the subject, the Committee's Letter of Transmittal, and the first twenty-eight pages of the Report.

This will be profitable occupation for some of the hours that Representatives and Senators will have at their disposal before Congress meets on the first Monday in December.

If it will, Congress can reclaim Reclamation.

Fooled by a Name

IT was James J. Hill who stated that the only proper method of subsidizing a merchant marine was to pay in proportion to tonnage carried rather than on the basis of ship tonnage in operation. Wise in many things, this far-visioned railroad genius of the Northwest believed in making a dollar spent bring back a dollar of actual service.

America, if it is to reconsider its present system of supporting a governmental merchant marine and to adopt a plan of subsidization ought not to forget the advice of Mr. Hill.

We never want (as happened not so very long ago) to have a ship go from France to Seattle and back to France in ballast and make a profit on the voyage.

It was an outstanding figure in the business world who stated not long ago that "Americans are willing to pay for a deficit. They will not stomach a subsidy." If the payment of a deficit really amounts to the payment of a subsidy, will America long continue to be fooled by the name of the thing? It is time that we stopped consoling ourselves by the use of misleading names and woke up to the facts.

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The "Monroe Doctrine" of the Industrial World

Special Correspondence from the Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City

By CHARLES STELZLE

THE nearly four hundred delegates who attended the Atlantic City Convention of the American Federation of Labor during the two weeks ending October 16 might truthfully be characterized as "veterans." There were scarcely any young men among them.

Twenty-one years ago I attended my first Convention of the Federation in Pittsburgh. I was thrilled by the fire and enthusiasm of the men who made up that body. Samuel Gompers was in his prime. He held the turbulent Socialists by the sheer force of his personality. It was at that Convention that he dared throttle their discussion of the annually introduced "Socialistic resolution" by plainly declaring the whole proceeding out of order—because they were debating "a political question," which, he said, was against the rules of the Federation. It was the beginning of his open warfare against the "radical element"—the "Reds"—in the American labor movement.

At the Atlantic City Convention it was apparent that the dead leader's task had been well done—there wasn't the slightest trace of radicalism. The Socialists have been completely silenced. The "Reds" had about as much chance for recognition as a Chinaman.

American Workers and the Reds

WILLIAM GREEN, the successor of Samuel Gompers—who died immediately following the El Paso Convention last year—is fully as conservative as his predecessor, although the Miners' Union, of which he had been the Secretary for some years, is classed among the more radical labor organizations of this country.

Mr. Green's position became apparent early in the Convention. One of the fraternal delegates from the British Trades Union Congress, Albert A. Purcell, a member of Parliament, President of the International Federation of Trade Unions, and the last President of the British Trades Union Congress, had made a fine plea for the spirit of world brotherhood among the workers of every land. In the course of his address he quite incidentally included the trade-unionists of Russia as being worthy of greater consideration than had been given them because of the fact that the Russian trade-union movement which he had in mind had been confused with the "Red Internationale." He made no reference whatever to the latter labor group, but had in mind the All-Russian Central Council of Trade Unions, which is comparable with the British Trades Union Congress and the American Federation of Labor, and is now no longer a part of the Soviet Government, but rather quite independent in its economic activities.

However, when Mr. Green responded, he said:

"We in America know something about the teachings of Communism and the control the Communist Party exercises over the so-called Russian Internationale. . . . We know that here in America that influence emanating from Moscow is seeking, as it has always sought, not to co-operate with us but to capture and control us." Mr. Green stated that it had been the policy of this radical Russian organization to "bore within the labor movement to destroy it and substitute for our philosophy the philosophy of Communism." And then he continued:

> We are not ready to accept that, and we wish that our friend who has so kindly advised us and has offered us such kind suggestions might take back to the Russian Internationale movement this message: that the American labor movement will not affiliate with an organization which preaches that doctrine or stands for that philosophy.

At this point of Mr. Green's address the delegates arose and vigorously applauded. It was quite apparent that Mr. Purcell's message and suggestion had been misunderstood both by Mr. Green and the delegates.

I recalled during this discussion that while attending the British Trades Union Congress at Hull last year I watched with much interest the heckling of Mr. Purcell by the "Reds" because of his own opposition to their policies. I questioned Mr. Purcell after the Atlantic City experience, and, while he admitted that many of the members of the "Red Internationale" in Russia were identified with the more conservative body of trade-unionists, they by no means controlled the latter organization.

Toward the end of the Convention the American Federation of Labor came out strongly in favor of a "Monroe Doctrine" for organized labor in America. A resolution approved by the Convention declared that—

> The American Federation of Labor is willing at all times to join with the free labor movements of other countries for the promotion and protection of the interests of the toiling masses. It will not lend its support to any movement to destroy from ambush the freedom of the workers of democratic countries. . . .
>
> Furthermore, we convey to the world the most solemn warning of which we are capable, that we will not willingly tolerate in the Western Hemisphere any Old World movement which seeks to impose itself upon the American peoples over the will of those peoples. What the United States Government through President Monroe expressed to Europe against armed territorial aggression we convey in equally emphatic terms regarding aggression by propaganda.
>
> The New World is dedicated to human freedom. We want all the world to be free, and we shall help to that end whenever possible. But, above all, and beyond all, we shall preserve and develop the freedom of the Americas.

In a strongly worded declaration the Federation declared itself to be unequivocally opposed to every form of "autocracy, bureaucracy, dictatorship, whether brutal or benevolent," to revolution, and to "the teaching of revolution by violence wherever democracy exists and where the people have the power to modify or change their government through the use of constitutional means." It also specifically denounced the whole Communist philosophy which is superimposed upon the Russian Soviet Government, closing with the statement, "We stand for democratic America, and we want the world to understand that fact"—all of which

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met with the practically unanimous approval of the delegates.

The Veteran and the Vote

THE 388 delegates represented 95 international and National unions, four departments, 25 State branches, 56 central bodies, 21 local, trade, and Federal labor unions, and seven fraternal delegates. The international unions are entitled to one vote for every one hundred members, and with the individual votes cast, to which all other delegates are entitled, there was a total of 28,332 votes in the Convention, but the majority of these votes were in the hands of 57 delegates who represented nine of the leading international unions.

While most questions are decided by a *viva voce* vote, the 57 delegates who represented fifteen per cent of the total number of votes cast could control the Convention on a roll-call, the method by which all important questions are determined. With reference to the first paragraph of this article, in which the delegates are characterized as "veterans," it is interesting to note that the delegates representing the big international unions, whose votes control the Convention, are all "old-timers," and in practically every case are the most conservative delegates in the Convention. To many this means that the action of the Federation is predetermined by safe and sane policies, while to others it indicates that the Federation needs "young blood" in order to give it the fire of former days.

Inter-Union Conflicts

WHILE there is always very determined opposition to the "one big union" idea, the tendency is steadily in that direction, as is evidenced by the fact that in the Miners' Union, for example, which is the most powerful organization in the Federation, all workers in and about the mines, no matter what their trade may be, are affiliated with the Miners' Union. The same thing is true of the brewery workers, and of some of the smaller organizations. The Teamsters' Union needs to fight for its very life at successive conventions, because those engaged in this occupation are quickly absorbed by the industry in which they are employed.

The Atlantic City Convention conditionally suspended the Railway Clerks' Union, which has a membership of 160,000, because they refused to permit the teamsters who had become affiliated with their organization to join the Teamsters' Union, although repeatedly ordered to do so by the Federation. This action may result in the complete separation of the Railway Clerks from the Federation. It indicates, however, the courage with which the Convention usually acts when it seems to them the right course is plainly marked out.

There is no question which troubles organized labor more than that of jurisdiction given to the various international unions, and it is the cause of many widespread strikes, particularly in the building trades and other highly specialized industries in which separate unions are organized—for example, the recent controversy among the bricklayers and plasterers, which resulted in the almost complete shutting down of the building industry in our larger cities.

P. & A. Photos

William Green

It is an axiom, however, that jurisdictional disputes cannot be settled by forfeiting charters, enforcing decisions, or compelling men to join a union against their wishes, and, ordinarily, jurisdictional matters are largely permitted to adjust themselves through evolutionary processes. It is felt by the leaders that very frequently both sides are equally right.

Comfort and Culture

ONE of the most far-reaching actions of the Federation during recent years, and particularly at the Atlantic City Convention, was with reference to the Workers' Education Bureau, to which the Federation is thoroughly committed. Addressing the Convention on this subject, Spencer Miller, Jr., the Secretary of the Bureau, stated that, whereas six years ago there were scarcely a dozen workers' educational enterprises in a half-dozen industrial centers, to-day there are upwards of 300 workers' colleges and study classes in well over 200 centers. In 225 industrial centers, Mr. Miller said, there are permanent educational committees of the central labor bodies, and he also pointed out that a resident labor college has been founded under labor control, to provide a more intensive course for trade-unionists in the problems, policies, and tactics of organized labor, and that already in this resident college an investment of $100,000 has been made to provide an equipment adequate for its need.

During the last summer nine distinct summer schools and labor institutes were provided for working men and women in different parts of the country. In the various educational centers there were enrolled approximately 35,000 workers during the past year, and over 300,000 trade-unionists had been provided with mass education of one kind or another—by illustrated lectures in union halls, addresses, and debates on industrial subjects. The Workers' Education Bureau has prepared a Workers' Bookshelf, which serves as the basis of this educational movement for workingmen.

It is becoming increasingly evident at these conventions of the Federation that the American workingman has passed through the age of the pioneer, when his chief concern was merely getting enough to eat, a house to live in, and clothes to wear. He is interested not only in making a living but in making a life, and yet while American workingmen are undoubtedly the best-paid workingmen in the world, living more bountifully than do the workers in other lands, perhaps being more skilled in many respects, their understanding and culture have not kept pace with their increasing knowledge. The Workers' Education Bureau is therefore one of the most significant of the branches of the life of the Federation. The Federation assessed its various international, State, and local bodies for the support of this movement. This is the first time that such action has been taken with reference to an educational campaign.

The New Leader

THE high regard in which Mr. Gompers was held by organized labor was brought out in the memorial service conducted in his honor, an entire afternoon being devoted to a discussion of his qualities as a leader, his statesmanship, his loyalty to the working people of America and to America itself, and to his personal character. About twenty addresses, most of which were of an excep-

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tionally high type, were delivered by various delegates.

There was no doubt in the mind of the Convention regarding the fitness of William Green to become Mr. Gompers's successor. He is quite different from Mr. Gompers in his qualities as a leader. Mr. Green is magnetic; Mr. Gompers was dynamic. Mr. Gompers rarely smiled—he presided with great solemnity. Mr. Green, while always dignified, wins through his pleasing smile, even in the midst of the greatest confusion. Mr. Gompers's speech was often slow and halting. Mr. Green speaks in a steady, measured tone, as though accustomed to addressing large assemblages, and is apparently never at a loss for the exact word which expresses his meaning.

Mr. Gompers was rarely without a cigar between his lips as he presided. Mr. Green apparently does not smoke at all. Mr. Gompers was thoroughly opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Green, as a member of the Illinois Legislature, voted for the passage of the Prohibition Bill. Mr. Gompers was a Jew, although not regarded as very orthodox. Mr. Green is an active member of the Baptist Church.

It will be interesting to note what effect holding the Presidency of the American Federation of Labor will have upon the new leader. There is no doubt that, while he will not need to make the kind of fight Mr. Gompers made during the forty years of his leadership, the problems that will face Mr. Green will be far more complex because of the rapidly changing world conditions in the field of labor and the absolute necessity for America's active participation in world movements of every kind. To assume merely a negative attitude would be unworthy of American leadership.

Europe Faces Forward

An Account of the Rhine Pact, with a Radio Postscript from Locarno

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

LOCARNO is an old town. It is at the head of Lake Maggiore, the largest of the Italian lakes except Garda. Perhaps Maggiore is also the most beautiful. Opinions differ. It has not such rugged, dramatic shores as have Lakes Como, Lugano, or Garda's upper reaches. But, like Leman, compared with other Swiss lakes, so Maggiore, compared with other Italian lakes, has a special splendor all its own.

Its extreme northern end lies, not in Italy, but in Switzerland, in the Swiss Italian-speaking canton of Ticino. There are not many Swiss towns on this lovely shore; there is not enough room for many. But you could hardly find more attractive places than Brissago, Ronco, Ascona, Locarno.

At this season of the year Locarno is specially pleasant. The mountains protect it from the occasional harsh autumn winds. The hills are colorful and odorous with yellow and red leaves and ripe grapes, and one enjoys here to his heart's content the justly famed grape cure without too great a strain on the portemonnaie. The region is well supplied with hotels. Here at Locarno there are some two dozen, little and big. Each seems clean with a characteristic Swiss cleanliness, and each seems *simpatico,* as the Italians like to say. The hotels are now having such a run of trade as they have never before experienced, because of the sudden presence of a very large number of persons here attracted by the Conference of Foreign Ministers.

"The good qualities of Locarno are all very well," says a sharp-eyed, sharp-nosed friend, "but there must have been another and a particular reason for choosing it as the place for this Conference. Last month we were told, you remember, that the Conference would be held in Switzerland, a neutral state. Most of us immediately jumped at Lausanne as being the most likely place; it is on a main railway route and has a well-earned reputation as a Conference city. Then some one suggested Berne as not improbable, because it would please the Germans more. On this another suggested Lucerne as still more apt to please them. Another man suggested Lugano, in the Swiss canton of Ticino, on this side of the Alps, as bound to suit the Italians in general and Mussolini in particular. Another man suggested Locarno as apt to suit them more because it is a shade nearer the Italian border." Whether for this or for other reasons, Locarno was finally chosen.

The present Foreign Ministers of France, Germany, Belgium, England, and an ex-Foreign Minister of Italy are here, with the present Foreign Ministers of Poland and Czechoslovakia coming later. We have a curious mixture of psychologies among them. If one looks for opportunists, the German, Stresemann, especially after his talk to us of the press yesterday, appears in the front rank, with the Frenchman, Briand, a very long distance in the rear. Among the stronger and more consistent sort, the Englishman, Austen Chamberlain, seems easily first; the Italian, Scialoja, second; and the Belgian Socialist, Vandervelde, a considerable distance away. But these are only approximate definitions.

More to the point is the query: "Why did the German Foreign Minister make his proposal of February 9 last to the French Foreign Minister?" It has resulted in a memorable exchange of notes between Germany and France, and also between France and other Powers. The question may be answered, I think, by reporting what comes up in familiar intercourse with Germans here as to their real reasons for desiring the present Conference. Among those reasons I find the following:

(1) Germany wants security against another Ruhr invasion.

(2) Germany wants to see the Cologne area evacuated, not to mention all of the Rhine's left bank.

(3) Germany wants a local Parliament for the Sarre territory.

(4) Germany wants, most of all, to break down the Versailles Treaty's authority on her eastern and southern front.

(5) Germany wants to efface Article 231 of this Treaty, the one fastening the war guilt on her and her allies.

(6) Germany wants to see a general armament reduction outside her borders to balance that inside.

(7) Germany wants the League of Nations to grant colonial mandates to her.

(8) Germany wants to see in America the certainly favorable effects of the proposed security pact; she hopes to obtain correspondingly ample credit from American bankers.

(9) Germany wants also to see the equally favorable effect of the pact on the establishment and maintenance of

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great international trusts as the best method of insuring the world's economic balance.

A week before the announced convening of the Conference the German Government proposed discussion of Article 231 and the Cologne evacuation as subjects for the agenda. These proposals were instantly and peremptorily rejected by the Powers.

The agenda may be said to be reduced to a single issue—security.

To be sure, on one side of security lies arbitration as an interdependent matter, and on the other side lies armament reduction. As is well known, Germany is pressing all three issues.

The question arose on this first day of the Conference whether any regional pact, such as is here proposed, will in the end bring greater justice and peace than would have come through the general pact, the Protocol, proposed last year at the Assembly of the League of Nations, certainly the most ambitious attempt yet made to assure world-wide arbitration, security, and armament reduction. It contemplated a far wider measure of justice and peace than is contemplated at Locarno.

Now, neither in Geneva nor here have I met any critics despising or disdaining the Protocol's moral value. All are practically agreed in respecting its principles. They differ only as to the methods of carrying them out. One often hears that the delegates at last year's League Assembly unanimously favored all the items of the Protocol. This is not true. The Assembly simply confined itself to sending the Protocol to all the Governments, recommending them to give it their most serious attention. Signor Motta, the eminent Swiss-Italian statesman, confirms this and adds, "Had the League delegations been asked to bind themselves in the sense of approving all the items, we would have seen abstentions."

Another statesman ruminates as follows: "Well, what are you going to do if you cannot agree on methods? You must agree on methods as well as on principles to accomplish anything. The League has proved its usefulness in covering social, humanitarian, administrative, economic, and financial subjects. But it has not succeeded in putting through a practical, obstacle-proof plan to settle the greatest political questions."

Another thus sums up: "In his Assembly inaugural address M. Painlevé indicated one reason why the League has not so succeeded. 'The League may go to the extreme limit possible,' said that orator, 'but let it not commit the mortal imprudence of going too far.' This brought down the delegates from their rosy clouds to the rough ground of reality."

The French Premier was constructive, however; he showed that, despite the non-ratification of the Protocol by a sufficient number of Powers, its spirit survives in the regional pacts proposed. "The Protocol, like the project of mutual assistance the year before, admits the existence of particular pacts considered as means of execution. If the Protocol had become effective, these would have been its corollaries; they are, as related to it, in the peculiar position of sons born before the civil status of their father was regularly established." This bit of humor was appreciated.

The huskiest of those sons is expected to see the light here in Locarno. Will he be conscious of being a "corollary"?

A year ago I talked with Dr. Benes, Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister. More than any other, he framed, under French inspiration, the Protocol of Geneva. He then said, "It is good, but it will have to be bettered."

The other night, at the International Students' Service dinner (and M. Benes himself is a product of that Service), I spoke with him again about it. "What did I tell you last year?" he remarked. "The system of regional pacts (also envisaged by Lord Cecil in his draft treaty), as well as a universal service, will lead to the same end, though likely to be longer in reaching the ideal. But we will ultimately realize it. I wish I might have talked about all this at the Williamstown Institute of Politics this summer. Another summer I hope to be more fortunate. For security has value to you Americans also if it brings world justice and peace. It is no mere Franco-German or Germano-Polish problem. It is not even a European problem. It is essentially and widely international, and demands an essentially and widely international solution."

While this is true, the world's peace may be bound up in the decisions of the present Conference. It began to-day, but its discussions may not reach their really critical point before these words are read in America.

Locarno, October 5, 1925.

Postscript by Radiogram

LOCARNO is henceforth historic. Her seal and her red and blue colors are now attached to the envelope containing the papers that compose the treaty of mutual guaranty just initialed by seven European Powers. Included in these papers are, not only the Rhine pact, but also the arbitration conventions between Germany, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

The agreements are, of course, not yet in force. Formal signatures are yet to be affixed—perhaps in London on December 1. Then ratification by the respective Governments will be necessary.

Chamberlain says that in the face of history no government can afford to reject such a step towards peace and justice.

The treaty will be effective only upon Germany's entrance into the League of Nations.

It is not yet known what concessions the Allies verbally made to some of the German demands. As already indicated, these demands include:

> Enlarged eastern and southern boundaries; security against another Ruhr invasion; a parliament in the Saar [Sarre]; colonial mandates; and freedom from Articles 16 and 231 of the Treaty of Versailles.

In addition they now demand:

> The lifting of the ban on the production of aircraft; the easing of the occupation of the region of the Rhine; an advance of the date for the plebiscite in the Saar; and permission to keep their present police intact.

Of course the Treaty of Locarno is worth only what the signatories' good faith is worth. Poland is the chief point of peril. France was unable to conclude a guaranty of the German-Polish arbitration treaty in the general pact; she therefore concluded at the same time and place conventions with Czechoslovakia and Poland declaring liberty of action in lending such mutual assistance as is implicit in the Locarno Treaty if a co-signatory should infringe its obligations. Poland should have been thus safeguarded in that treaty; but the Germans were adamant against any third Power guaranty of their own arbitration conventions.

The chief result achieved here is not so much in writing these agreements down in black and white as in bringing the highest authorities of Germany into direct contact with those of other Powers.

The Treaty of Locarno closes the post-war era and opens one of greater security to Europe and to the world. In spite of the new incitement to an alliance between Russia and the Asiatic Powers and the defining of the first step in Germany's determination to revise the Versailles Treaty and perhaps the Dawes Plan, the general sentiment here is far more confident of international fairness than it has been; and this fact will also influence the relations of America with the rest of the world.

Locarno, October 17, 1925.

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This Reformation Business

By CONVICT 49,068

WITHIN the cell which guarded O. Henry the author of this article has his residence. Convict 49,068 tells of the change that has come over the Ohio Penitentiary since O. Henry (Convict 30,664) published in The Outlook the second story from his pen to appear in any magazine.

AS I write these lines I am sitting in a six by-eight cell in the Ohio Penitentiary. The music bell has just rung, and the harmonicas, Victrolas, mandolins, and so on are all going full tilt, each one trying to make more noise than the other. Just now a harmonica seems to be leading the noisy pack; and the windy gent playing it is abusing "What'll I Do?" to such an extent that I keep expecting to hear some one suggest something at any moment.

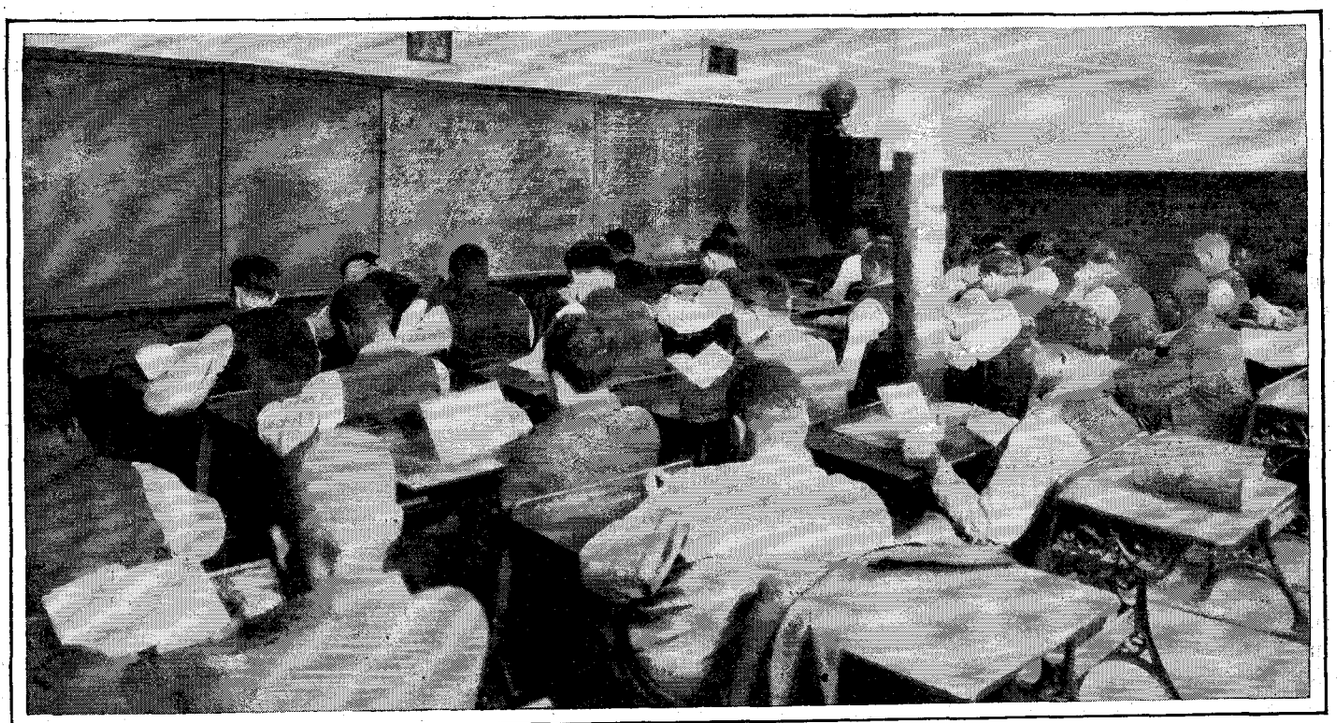
Down on the lower ranges I can hear them taking the "chorus girls" for our annual prison "Follies" out of their cells for rehearsal. Two of them are murderers, one a bank robber, and the rest just common every-day dips, prowlers, forgers, and bootleggers—the last predominating.

And as I sit here waiting for the Hour of Bedlam to pass—it would be foolish to attempt to write in all this clamor—I can't help but think of a real writer, one of our "alumni," the late O. Henry, and of the difficult task one would have convincing him, could he drop in for an informal call, that the Ohio Penitentiary of to-day is the same old Alma Mater where he was known as student 30,664.

In the first place, if force of habit should direct his footsteps toward his old "apartment" in the C & D block, he would find it occupied by the writer instead of his former cell buddy, Al Jennings, who used to be so fond of interrupting Western mail trains. And, secondly, if he should walk on down the tier, he might easily imagine that he had stumbled into a vocational training school by mistake, for that—through the indefatigable efforts of Warden Thomas and Chaplain Reed—is just what the Ohio Penitentiary is to-day.

And there, in the same old unsanitary building where General Morgan of Civil War fame tunneled to freedom, O. Henry would find that an astonishing change had taken place—that some one, with a magic wand, had transformed the dark, gloomy prison cells into individual schoolrooms where men might become better through teaching and thinking. He would find the 1925 edition of "Percy the Penman," brush in hand, practicing show-card lettering instead of forged signatures, and his cell buddy, "Silk Hat Harry," studying ad writing as thoroughly as he would a gullible prospect to whom he wished to make a quick cash sale of the Brooklyn Bridge. He would find "Second-Story Pete" and "Jerry the Yegg," their wrinkled foreheads resembling the corrugations of an old-fashioned washboard, delving deeply into the perplexing mysteries of cube and square root, and their next-door neighbors, "Two Gun Mike" and "Shorty the Dip," handicapped by the life-long habit of talking out of the corner of their mouths, conjugating French verse or spelling down as though their very lives depended upon the outcome. And if, at last, O. Henry's bump of curiosity should get the better of him and he should demand to know what on earth they were doing, he would get this reply: "Learnin' somethin', chump. Gwan, git away from here!"

This is how it happened: Some time ago Chaplain Reed, whose duties include those of librarian, noticed that a great many of the prisoners were in the habit of drawing out books on technical subjects and were returning them within a few days. Being himself a student, he knew these books could not be assimilated in so short a time. Upon investi-



Third grade schoolroom. Two of the men shown in this picture were classed as "master minds" by the newspapers at the time of their arrest

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gating, he discovered that, instead of being the "master minds" the newspapers are so fond of calling them, thirty-two per cent of the prisoners could neither read nor write and forty-seven per cent had called it an education upon reaching the third grade. Realizing that these men had a thirst for knowledge, but that they did not know how to study, he decided to teach them how.

So one morning he called his assistants, a few of the better-educated prisoners, into his office. "Boys," he said, "there are a number of men in the shops and Idle House who ought to be in school. There isn't room for them, so I've decided to start a school. Will you help me?"

"When do we begin?" was the reply, and the Intra-Wall Correspondence School of the Ohio Penitentiary—the most practical effort toward prison reform in the history of our penal institutions—was born.

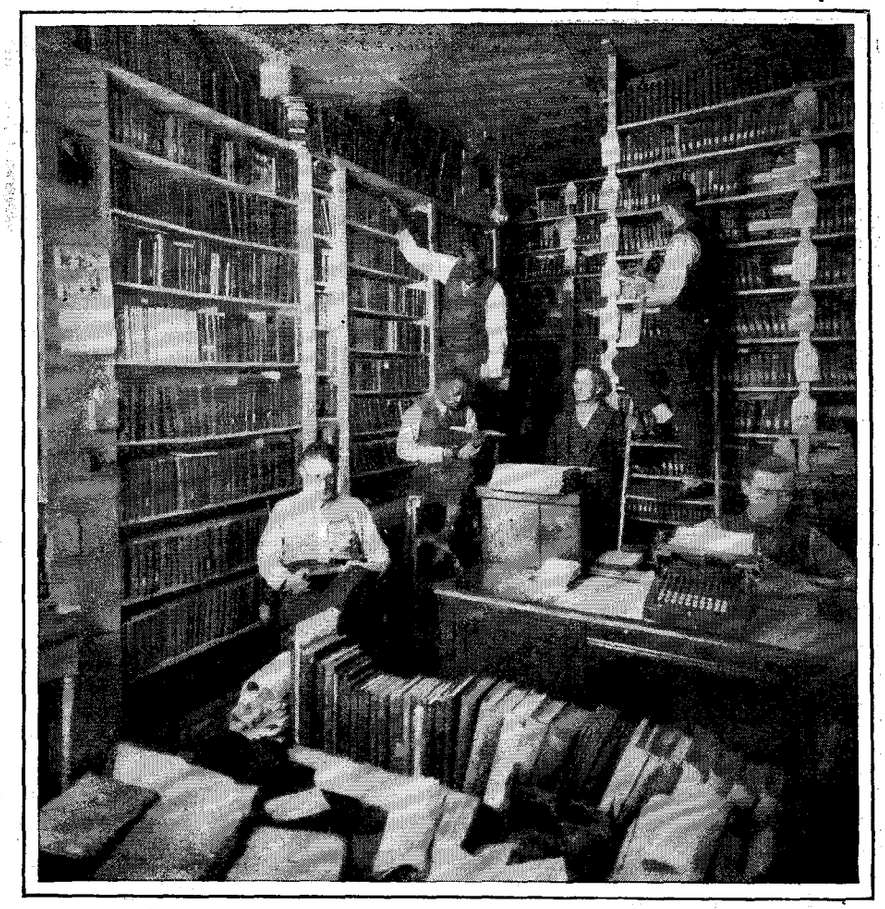
They started with just a few carbon copies of lessons and a half-dozen students. But the news that "de sky pilot's dishin' out learnin'" spread around the big prison like wildfire, and within a few weeks two hundred additional students had courses, and more were clamoring to be enrolled.

This new system began to show such marked improvement in the men making use of it that it attracted the attention of Warden Thomas, who encouraged and assisted the chaplain to extend it throughout the prison as widely as possible. Before long more than one-half the prison population of three thousand were busy at their lessons, which embraced practically every subject taught in primary school or university.

It was then that Chaplain Reed's real troubles commenced. To furnish all these students with books, paper, pens, etc., cost money, and there was none at his disposal. Something had to be done. So the chaplain asked for and obtained a ninety-day leave of absence, and began a tour of the State to raise funds.

In his talks before churches, clubs, fraternal organizations—any interested group of public-spirited citizens—the chaplain described life behind prison walls as it actually exists. He painted a word picture of the morbid surroundings, the dark, gloomy cells where prisoners idled away precious hours, brooding, possibly plotting the revenge they would take when the State considered their debt to society paid.

"Ninety per cent of the men in prison are coming back some day," the chaplain would say. "The question is, how do you want them to come back—hardened criminals, fitted for lives of worse crime, or better men, fitted by education for useful service in the outside world?" By this sort of an appeal he raised sufficient funds to keep almost 1,700 students in supplies and to furnish 320, or the most advanced, with a complete course of instruction in a useful vocation.



A corner of the prison library. More than 22,000 volumes—all donated—are kept here. A few of the Intra-Wall faculty are shown in the foreground; one of them reads, writes, and speaks fluently seven different languages

Since then many generous contributions have flowed in (enough to install this school in both the men's and women's reformatories), but none of them is so appreciated as the soiled and wrinkled dollar bill that arrived the other day. "This ain't much," read the boyish scrawl that accompanied it, "but I had to sell a lot of rags and junk before I got it. My brother's in the pen, and maybe this will help make a better man of him."

To help you understand what this school means to us, I will try to give you an idea of our routine. We get up at 6 A.M. After working all day in the shops or sitting in the Idle House—as hundreds, through lack of work, are compelled to do—with just a short time out for dinner, we are again locked in our "drums" at 4:30 P.M. Lights are turned out at 8:30 P.M. On Sundays, except for the short time we are at meals or in chapel, we spend the entire day in our cells—cells in which no reasonably sane man would care to house his dog; for into many of them the sun has never shone, and when they were erected sanitary conveniences were unheard of.

How long could you live in that sort of environment without losing all hope, without becoming bitter, without plotting revenge? How long could you live in an Idle House, where you had to sit all day on a long wooden bench, thinking, brooding, doing nothing for days, weeks, at a time? How long could you sit there without losing your mind, or coming out, as so many have done, with the firm determination to get even? And why not? To make a man think normally you must let him live normally.

This school is no "sob stuff;" it's a business proposition. "Sob sisters" and "gush brothers" who infest prisons and other such places, always wanting to do something, and usually ending by doing nothing, don't fool the officials, and they don't fool us. What we want is something practical, not pampering or coddling.

Under this system we can devote the long, weary hours hitherto spent in brooding over our condition, or listening to a "hard-boiled" cell partner tell how many "peters" he had blown and the hundreds of "soft touches" he'd made, to learning a trade. And if, upon our release, we are given a fair chance to work at it, and not the "bum's rush," the tax-

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payers will have fewer convicts to support.

Getting away from the subject for a moment, let me tell you of an incident that happened last Sunday, which will do very well to illustrate just how much some of the "would-be" reformers really know about prisoners and prisons. We were at dinner, and a party of visitors who had attended chapel services came into the dining-room.

"Why, you have knives and forks, haven't you?" exclaimed one, her eyes as big as saucers.

"Yes, ma'am," replied a joker on my right. "An' some of us even got teeth!"

Warden Thomas and Chaplain Reed cannot reform any of us; that is one chore we simply have to do for ourselves. But they can, and have, made brilliant scholars and even teachers of some of the most troublesome and unruly prisoners this place has ever known—men who have been in and out of prison so often that one might say that they were doing "life" on the installment plan; and any one who can do that has done more toward helping us back on the slippery strait and narrow path than all the legislation our assemblies can write onto the books.

There's Spike, for instance. Spike was what the world called an habitual criminal. He was only twenty-six years old, but had spent almost seventeen of those behind prison bars. We locked together for a while, and he told me something of his life's history. He had never known his mother—she died bringing him into the world—and a switch engine got his father when Spike was eight. Two years later the Boys' Industrial School got Spike, and the State has been his host on and off ever since.

There has been some real tough "mugs" in this old quadrangle of granite at one time or another, but Spike stood head and shoulders above any of them. And as a consequence he not only earned the sobriquet of the "Prison Demon," but served about two-thirds of his time in the "hole." One day Spike walked into the chaplain's office and rather sheepishly asked if he could have a course.

"Certainly you can, Spike," was the chaplain's reply. "But I don't want you to take one unless you will promise me to go through with it."

Spike promised. And when the chaplain asked him what study he wished to pursue, he asked for a course in poultry raising! Can you beat it? Well, he got one; and from then on Spike was another man entirely. And if any one wanted to talk to Spike, the *pièce de résistance* of the conversation would have to be chickens. Spike's been out for over a year now (just eight months longer than he ever managed to stay before), and the last I heard from him was a jubilant note stating that he was working on a chicken farm, where he was chambermaid to a large flock of full-blooded Plymouth Rocks.

There are some who insist that Spike's reformation is just a flash in the pan, that he'll come back. But I'm betting that he doesn't. For he also stated in his note that whenever he felt the urge to shatter the Seventh Commandment he simply opened one of those roadside vegetable stands, and that's one form of highway robbery our lawmakers have completely overlooked. Besides, Spike didn't have to go to work when he was released; he could have gone back to the old mob or into politics. So, if he has not reformed, he has at least developed some commendable scruples, and that's a step in the right direction. Hats off to Chaplain Reed and his college, which, even though it has crowbars for window screens, is making our greatest failure—our prison system—pay dividends in rehabilitated men and women.

The Crocodile

A Letter from Russia

WHO wrote this letter from Russia? That's our secret. Even though The Outlook is not permitted to enter Russia, the publication of this letter from an employee of the Soviet under his own name would certainly make trouble for the author. Although it is anonymous, we trust that it will be found to contain stimulating suggestions for American factory experts.

MY dear B——:

As you have shown in your last letter a great interest in the conditions of my work at our factory, I can tell you that one's position at a higher post is by far not all "beer and skittles." One has always to balance between three fires: the administration at Moscow, the Workmen's Committee, and the workingmen themselves. You have to satisfy all three if you wish to stay. These are the more or less technical resorts which you have to consider; politically you are kept in fear and horror by the local cell at the factory and the Country Executive Committee.

As to the work itself, one is generally kept busy from early morning till late at night—unfortunately, most of it unproductively. One's time is fully taken up by endless meetings and discussions with the Workmen's Committee, the Workmen's Conflict Committee, and different traveling officials.

Besides all these there are the reports in writing to the administration at Moscow and to other Government institutions. You see, one cannot complain of want of work. One is expected to hold cultural lectures at the club. This latter I have not done for principle's sake, as I do not see the reason why I should educate the "comrades" in any form.

For your benefit, I will illustrate in this letter a little episode out of our factory life. It will show you in what an uncongenial dependency we employees are placed. We are, for instance, obliged to tolerate having three inexperienced young men submit our activity and our conduct to a severe public criticism, which appears later on in all newspapers. In order to attract a larger audience, the passing of the final sentence upon us is being transacted in an absolutely farcical manner, and on the top of that we are represented as more or less ridiculous. Well, then, listen:

There is a certain excitement at the factory: the crocodile is being expected! A fortnight before its arrival an urn is put up in one of the rooms of the factory, wherein everybody may throw complaints, written on small slips of paper; complaints against everybody—administration, employees, workingmen, just as everybody thinks fit. Night and day a militiaman is sitting by the urn to watch in order that it should not be turned over and to prevent anything happening to it. This seemed the more necessary, as a few days ago the monument of Karl Marx, which was standing in the marketplace of our little town, had been knocked over.

By the day of the arrival of the crocodile the urn was full of slips of paper

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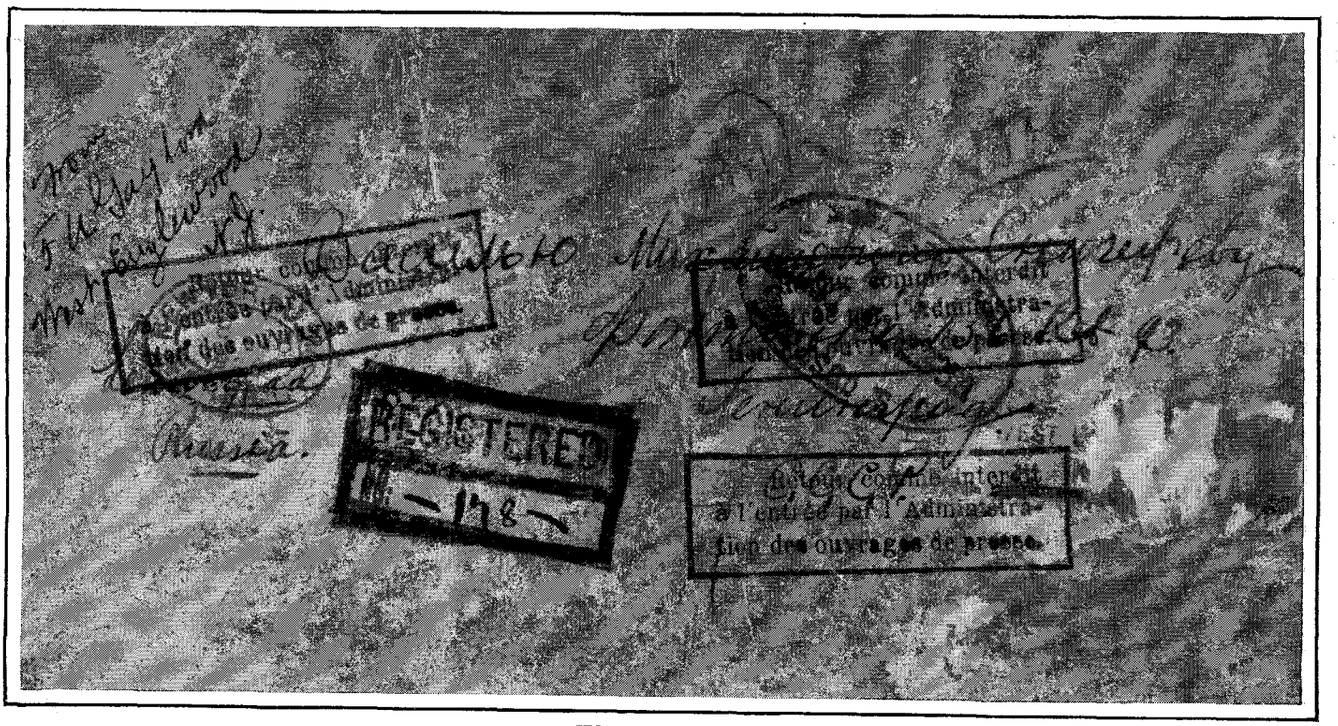

What, again?

The Outlook was barred from Russia under the Czar. That was because George Kennan, of The Outlook's staff, worked with the revolutionists against the old régime. Now, under the edict of the Communist Government, we are barred again, as this reproduction from a wrapper containing Outlooks sent to Russia clearly shows. The Russian Censor found it necessary to stamp the wrapper three times with the direction, "Returned because forbidden admission by the Press Bureau"

and the expectation great; nobody knew what would happen. In the afternoon the director of the factory sent a circular to all the higher employees. We were obliged to give a written guaranty to appear at the session of the crocodile.

When I entered the great school-room of the factory at nine o'clock P.M., it was full of people, who fought desperately, in expectation of what was to happen, for the best seats. When at last the curtain rose, we saw the crocodile and three quite young men from Moscow on the stage, who were seated round a table, on which the aforementioned urn was standing. In the background there sat the director of the factory, the members of the cell, the Workmen's Committee, and different other comrades of high standing in a solemn semicircle. The appearance of the crocodile corresponded to the highest expectations: It was clothed in a scarlet dress, had a mouth full of dreadful teeth, and held in its paw a pitchfork. The orchestra behind the stage was playing a triumphal march, the crocodile rattled, keeping time with its jaws, and the three strange young men bowed, smiling proudly, in all directions.

The audience, in expectation, held its breath and was enthusiastic about the appearance of the red monster. Presently one of the young men stood up and delivered a humorous address: The crocodile had come to the factory to discover misuses and to punish undutiful employees. The slips of paper in the urn would be read at once and a just investigation should take place; the guilty ones would be severely punished. The crocodile being tired from the journey from Moscow, he would have the honor to preside at the meeting. Again the monster clattered with its teeth, the music played, and the session began.

The complaints had in the meantime apparently been sorted, because one of the young men pulled out of the urn three complaints against my person at once. As it appeared later, there had not been left in the urn any complaints at all against comrades (*i. e.*, members of the Communist Party); these had been in wise forethought destroyed and the whole material had been carefully looked through and sorted. And so it began at once with me, and that pretty sharp.

(1) Why is this expensive foreigner here? He gets high wages, lives in a detached house, and does not do anything either for the factory or for the culture of the Communist Party. Goodness knows what he is doing in his house! In the evening the windows are shut off with blinds, and it is impossible to peep in. These were the contents of the first slip. The discussion of the separate points lasted for over an hour, wherein I was attacked by several comrades, but protected, to my great satisfaction, by the workmen, so that I escaped comparatively lightly. The resolution of the crocodile was as follows:

It does not matter that Citizen H—— is a foreigner, neither does it matter that he draws a comparatively high salary, because he earns it, being a specialist and is being fully occupied in the factory from early morning till late at night, according to the statement of the workmen. He has no right to live in a separate house by himself; it is desirable that a comrade should be lodged with him; the question about the curtained windows would be settled then.

That the accused does not do anything for the education of the workmen is a proof of want of interest and is to be regretted. There should be taken steps in this matter.

(2) Why doesn't Citizen H—— split his firewood himself, but allows it to be done by workmen from the factory? The following resolution was carried after a long debate: Citizen H——, being pretty stout, it would only do him good if he would split his firewood himself.

(3) Why has Citizen H—— received so much good furniture from the factory? The furniture is the property of the workmen and should be given to the employees only in small quantities.

Again there followed long discussions. As they could not come to an agreement in this important question, this matter was given over to the Workmen's Committee for a further investigation. Eventually nothing was taken away from me; there appeared only constantly delegates, who made a note of each piece of furni-

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ture for at least ten times, and disturbed me and my family by their presence and the many questions.

With this point ended the discussion about my person. I did not get any punishment, thanks only to the workmen, who defended me the whole time against the comrades. I escaped with a few admonitions, administered by the president in the name of the crocodile. Other employees of the factory did not fare so well; most of them were found guilty and were impaled upon the pitchfork or the great corner tooth of the crocodile, figuratively of course—that is, this was done with their slips of accusation along with the verdict; at each execution the music played a flourish, the crocodile clattered madly with its teeth, and the audience screamed with pleasure.

Finishing this narration, I wish to mention that this whole comedy was by far not so innocent as it may appear to be. The minutes with the resolutions were handed over to the Executive Committee, and the newspapers brought detailed reviews of the debates. A regrettable result of this was the discharge of several able employees.

H——.

There will be other letters from this author to follow

Mother

By WILLARD WATTLES

She loved redbirds and bright mornings,
  Honeysuckle and sweet spring rose,
Children's laughter and pansy faces,
  All brave things that the sunlight knows;
She was frail at the last like lilies,
  But her smile was sunshine across the snows.

Music she loved and friendly greetings,
  Kind words spoken and ill forgot;
She never faltered at any grievance
  Though her heart was hurt and her eyes were hot. . . .
There was nothing honest and wise and merry
  And brave and tender that she was not.

Long ago in a lonely garden
  Where dim leaves of the olive stir
A young man knelt; but had he never
  Died for his truth and been laid in myrrh
I should have heard of the heart's high courage
  And God's great mercy—because of her.

Guns and Game

By HENRY BANNON

In which a big-game hunter tells how our wild life can be preserved from the menacing combination of automatic and automobile

It always has been, and always will be, quite impossible to secure harmony, either in thought or in legislative action, concerning the limitation of a natural right. Sportsmen regard the right to hunt and to fish as such a right, and too many of them resist all efforts to restrain them in the exercise of that right. To the common law, game birds and animals are known as *ferœ naturœ*, which is to say, they are of a wild nature and their ownership is in the State until reduced to actual individual possession as permitted by statute law. This legal theory had its origin centuries ago in the necessity for conserving food supply and for insuring food for the pioneers who went into unsettled lands. Except in remote regions of Alaska, such necessity no longer exists in the United States, and no longer is there necessity for conserving for food supply such game birds as grouse, wild turkey, quail, geese, and ducks. For the sportsmen themselves, and for recreation, and for a most valuable training of our youth, the necessity for conserving game in order that there may be hunting is a present problem which should be met dispassionately, though firmly. The problem is complicated by the inevitable invasion of the natural right to hunt. And this is no new thing. Almost two hundred years ago Gilbert White wrote in one of his letters to Thomas Pennant, Esq., which go to make up the charming "Natural History of Selborne," these reflections over the unlawful killing of game: "The temptation is irresistible; for most men are sportsmen by constitution; and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature, as scarce any inhibitions can restrain." Therein is found the obstacle which has caused the legislative pendulum to swing from one extreme to the other, both equally wrong.

The Less We Kill, the More We Have

We are firm in the opinion that the problem in itself is a simple one, capable of a just solution. If we would have more game, we must kill less. All agree with that, but differ, and sometimes needlessly quarrel, over how to restrict hunting.

In some States, such as Ohio, the hunting of quail has been restricted by the extreme of not permitting them to be hunted at all. The reasons for the widespread increase in hunting during the past fifteen years is found in the fact that it has become so easy. When the hunter was under the necessity of depending on the horse and buggy for conveyance to the hunting-grounds and the double-barrel gun for his firearm, hunting was not so easy as with the motor car for conveyance and the automatic and repeater for his firearm. Well do we remember how, in the late eighties and in the nineties, the hunter was under the necessity of getting up long before day and facing a cold buggy ride for from two to three hours before reaching the game fields; and also do we remember the return in the star-lit frosty night. There were but few quail hunters then. The

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automobile has given the soft ones their opportunity. In those days two shots was the limit. Now it is five or six from a firearm that is perfection in itself discharging in rapid succession cartridges loaded with such scientific precision as makes them extremely deadly. Formerly our game birds had a fair chance; now they have no chance.

Always is it easy to find the wrong. The difficulty is to find the remedy, and the greater difficulty is to reduce that remedy into legislation. I have before me Dr. Pope's interesting book, "Hunting with the Bow and Arrow" (Putnams, 1925). Every sportsman should own a copy. Here is his idea:

> With the rapid development of firearms, hunting tends to lose its sporting quality. The killing of game is becoming too easy; there is little triumph and less glory than in the days of yore. Game preservation demands a limitation of armament. We should do well to abandon the more powerful and accurate implements of destruction, and revert to the bow.

So writes the man who, with bow and arrow made by himself, has laid low the deer, the moose, the mountain sheep, and the grizzly bear, besides smaller game. He is now in Africa, with Stewart Edward White, hunting with bow and arrow. A law forbidding the use of any device for the killing of game other than the bow and arrow would be impossible of enactment. However, the principle is well put.

Richard Jefferies, who is spoken of by Colonel Roosevelt as a man of letters, a sportsman, and a naturalist, gives us a more practical solution. Consider what he says in that delightful essay, "The Single-Barrel Gun." You will find it in the collection of his essays published in 1908 by Chatto & Windus, under the title "The Open Air." His was the day of the double-barrel, and his hope was for a return of the single-barrel. I can only quote briefly:

> Quickness of firing keeps the double-barrel to the front; but suppose a repeater was to be invented, some day, capable of discharging two cartridges in immediate succession? And if two cartridges, why not three? An easy thought, but a very difficult one to realize. Something in the *power* of the double-barrel—the overwhelming odds it affords the sportsmen over birds and animals—pleases. A man feels master of the copse with a double-barrel; and such a sense of power, though only over feeble creatures, is fascinating. . . .
>
> For everything but the multiplication of slaughter I liked the single best; I had more of the sense of woodcraft with it. When we consider how helpless a partridge is, for instance, before the fierce blow of shot, it does seem fairer that the gunner should have but one chance at the bird. Partridges at least might be kept for single-barrels; great bags of partridges never seemed to me quite right. Somehow it seems to me that to take so much advantage as the double-barrel confers is not altogether in the spirit of sport. The double-barrel gives no "law." At least to those who love the fields, the streams, and woods for their own sake, the single-barrel will fill the bag sufficiently, and will permit them to enjoy something of the zest men knew before the invention of weapons not only of precision but of repetition —inventions that rendered them too absolute masters of the situation. A single-barrel will soon make a sportsman the keenest of shots.

The single-shot single-barrel gun will afford plenty of sport for any sportsman. Such a firearm will prove equal to all the things so well said of it by Richard Jefferies. In Ohio the hunters would welcome such an opportunity. However, they made their election between the surrender of the repeater and putting quail on the song-bird list and lost their right to hunt them at all. Even on the outskirts of the cities and villages quail are now abundant throughout Ohio. Last Sunday a covey of twenty-four leisurely wandered about my yard in search of insect food. We favor the single-shot single-barrel gun. It will take longer to kill a few birds, but it will teach deliberation.

A Question of Armament

But if bow and arrow be obsolete and the single-barrel unable to respond to the desire of the soft ones to kill, why not limit the power to kill by limiting the hunter to the use of the double-barrel? Why not limit the right to shoot to but three days a week during the open season, thereby permitting the coveys to have some peace and an opportunity to feed? The answer of the many sportsmen is that the remedy to reduce killing of game is to fix a bag limit by law and leave it to the conscience of the hunter not to violate it. Their argument is, if you have a bag limit, what difference does it make whether you use a single-barrel, double-barrel, or automatic shotgun? The answer is, that too many hunters pay no attention to bag limits, and such a law is unenforceable, and there is no such thing as conscience in one who believes his natural rights are being impaired. Nevertheless there should be a bag limit, for whatever it may be worth, because true sportsmen will respect it.

The game laws of any State may be amended by providing for an open season for quail shooting, during which they may be hunted only on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It may be made unlawful to shoot at, injure, or kill any game bird with any repeater, automatic, or other magazine gun, or except when they are flying. A bag limit of twelve quail in one day or fifty for the season is a reasonable limitation in those States in which agriculture is in an advanced stage of development. Five woodcock, geese, and shore birds is not too low for a day's limit; nor are ten duck a day or sixty for the season an unreasonable restriction. However, the principal accomplishment is to limit the power to kill by excluding the magazine gun. Such a prohibition should be universal. Restrictions respecting upland shooting depend upon local conditions, but those about migratory birds should be universal.

Courtesy American Game Protective Association

Shooting ducks from a blind on Bass Lake, Indiana

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"One Increasing Purpose"

A Review by CLARA BELLINGER GREEN

MR. HUTCHINSON in his latest novel, "One Increasing Purpose,"[1] has for his theme the world-old desire to fathom life and its meaning—the "Master-Knot of Human Fate" which concerned thinking men long before Omar Khayyám gave it up:

There was the Door to which I found no Key.

The hero of the story, Simon Paris, the youngest of the three Paris brothers, and a war veteran, furnishes one more instance of the fact that the war unfitted many men for the ordinary business of life. Returning home after the unspeakable existence in the trenches, he found, to his amazement, his old world going on precisely as it did before the war. He cannot go on as he did before. Life has a different, a deeper meaning to him. He cannot explain the change in himself which he realizes and which all detect. Coming out of the war "unscathed"—always expecting to "catch it," as all his comrades did; "and he never did catch it"—he has come to believe that he has been spared for some purpose. He is obsessed by the notion, but to make sure of it he seeks to communicate with his mother, with whom he has always had sympathetic understanding and who has died during the war. His experience, alone in the dugout—his companions killed—when his involuntary cry, "Mother, why am I spared?" brought to him the assurance of her presence, is not altogether unusual or unnatural. It is related that he "felt within him one of those astonishing, unexpected, inexpressibly comforting acquisitions of absolute *knowledge*"—that he had been spared and would be spared for some purpose. Excess of emotion, one may say, yet there are moments when the heart demands and seems to receive, without outward manifestation, certitude of the lost one's presence.

Simon Paris, familiarly called Sim, is a man of the Mark Sabre type, not quite such a helpless buffet of circumstance as the eccentric hero of "If Winter Comes," but, like him, lacking the inherent self-protective faculty to a degree that nears imbecility. Like Mark Sabre, he irritates by his inability to cope with ordinary conditions. Sim's pursuit of his purpose is the story of the book. To normal intelligence this purpose might have been sought as effectively while "doing the day's work" in some lucrative business. Not to Sim. First of all, he "chucked the service," thus depriving himself of the increased pay which promotion to the rank of major at the close of the war brought him.

"What on earth does he want to retire for *now?*" pertinently asks his brother Charles.

Questioned on this point and his reason for turning down every business opportunity offered him, he merely replies: "I don't know." "Gassed," unknown to the author, concludes the reader. If he could find the right person to whom he might confide his spiritual emotions, he feels that he could define himself. Elizabeth enters, and at once comprehends him and his mental processes. One wishes that her sympathy were less soft, that she might instill character into this somewhat floundering hero. But, though inspired and encouraged by her, he still gropes, getting an illuminating glimmer now and then, until by slow steps he at length perceives his purpose. Countless others have trod the same path and arrived at the same truth; but to him it is a marvelous discovery. He formulates his revelation, "Christ the Common Denominator," and sees his purpose as the duty to proclaim it. Elizabeth, who, from a quixotic notion common to heroines, has found it out of the question to marry him for about twenty years, is now (her own obstacle removed) confronted by his—the necessity to go forth and preach, thus delaying their happiness. She gives him a year to try out his experiment, surmising, no doubt, that the end of that time will find him content to live his new religion in daily life.

As a novelist Mr. Hutchinson's chief idiosyncrasy is excessive reiteration—a point of style which impresses and enchains at first, but in the end becomes wearisome. A pertinent word or phrase is employed until it grows threadbare. Each incident, in carefully chosen phraseology, is repeated again and again, words of the original telling retained, as if a teacher were fixing them in the mind of a pupil expected to learn them by rote. Certain forms of speech also are affixed to each character, as though stamped upon them. We have to forgive Sim for his inevitable "old man," "old girl," "old Charles," "old Niggs," "old Gand," for he is English and cannot help it; and the author, being English himself, sees no reason for varying his greetings. We know that when Sim meets his brother Andrew he will accost him: "Niggs, old man, how goes it?" and get the answer: "Oh, pretty good, Sim." Alice and Elizabeth spare the author's inventive powers by exclaiming, when other words fail them: "Oh, Sim, Sim, Sim!" Thus we know what to expect conversationally from each one—a method which saves mental strain on the part of the author, if monotonous for the reader. Linda, it is true, talks, and talks divertingly, but Sim's linguistic paucity and triteness, so at variance with his spiritual experiences, constantly disappoint.

Mr. Hutchinson still indulges in dislocated and involved sentences. We read: "She stressed exactly with a stress that no word in the language not buttressed, as 'exactly' is buttressed, by some of the stoutest pillars of the alphabetical bridge across the abyss of inarticulation, could possibly support without crumbling out of audition; and the stress she thus gave it had the happy quality of implying that, while she of course knew everything on the subject that was commonly known, hers was the type of erudition that desired to know also every secret, possibly sinister, depth that was not generally known."

In the side character of B. C. D. Ash, the "super-famous novelist man," Mr. Hutchinson apparently has drawn a humorous picture of himself as an illustrious novelist frantically evading the attentions of a too eager public. If it is an actual picture of his personal woes, he must have been an egregious sufferer from the fame thrust upon him. He has made B. C. D. a ludicrous object in his hysterical efforts to dodge the public, but that, we suspect, is intended as humor. And it is more than probable that Mr. Hutchinson will be afflicted still further in this respect as the author of "One Increasing Purpose."

[1] One Increasing Purpose. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Fiction

VOLCANO. By Ralph Straus. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Despite the ominously violent suggestion of its title, which, however, is en-

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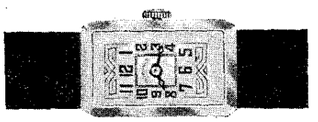

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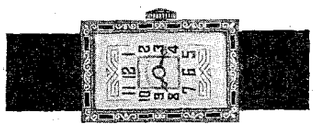

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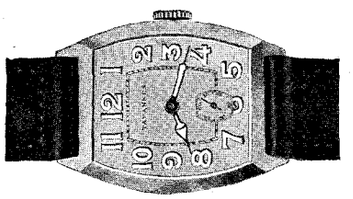

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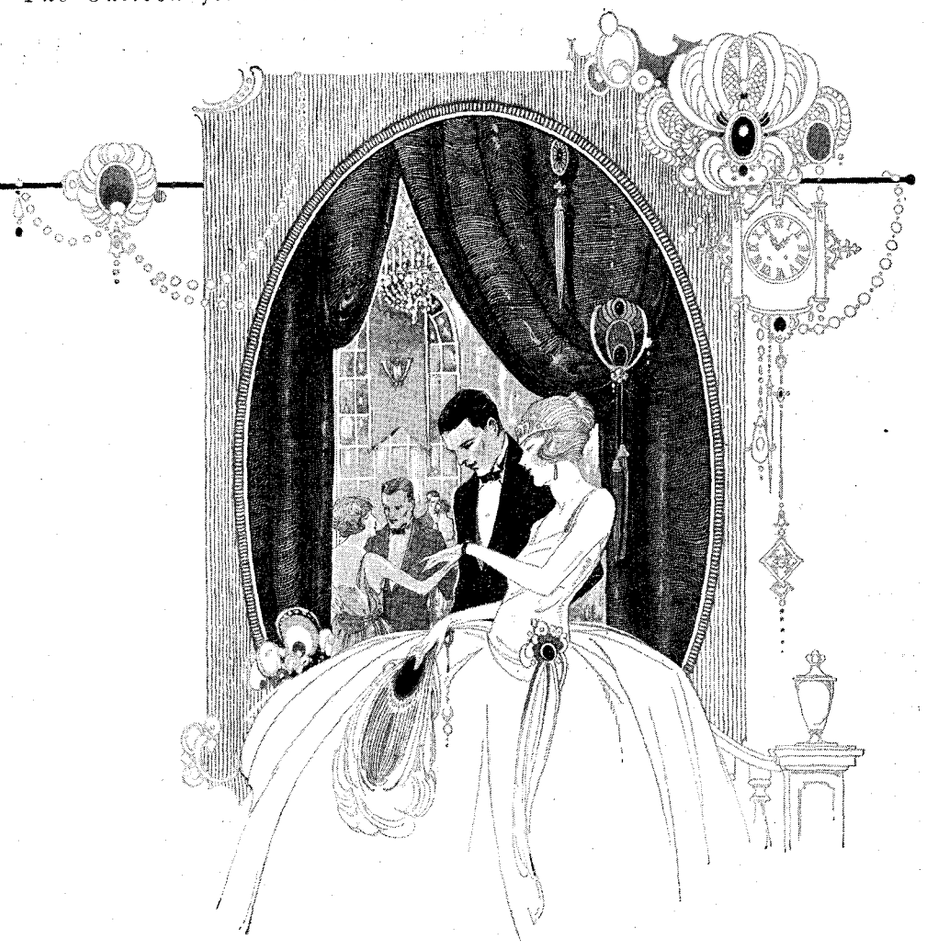

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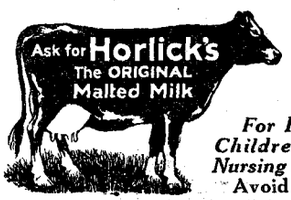

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THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street New York

tirely apt, "Volcano" is a diverting and delightful book; not quite credible perhaps, but as the sub-title reads "A Frolic," that need not matter. Moreover, it is only when it is finished that doubt arises; the spell holds until the end. But Mr. Straus has achieved something more than a temporary convincingness; he has written a novel dealing with the "dangerous age"—the heroine is forty-two—which is neither pathological, morbid, tragic, nor naughty, but merry, kindly, and keen. Miss Gertrude Belt, cold, competent, and correct until in one wild escapade as highly incorrect as it is innocent she throws off the smothering atmosphere of a narrow-minded little English town to find her true self, proves to be really a woman of heart and charm as well as courage. Her experiences, with a handsome and ingenuous young sailor for a "pal" and the clever semi-invalid man of the world, Mr. Pountby, for observer and ally, and for a background the over-proper town of Croome with its over-proper, when they are not improper, people, provide a comedy of manners, morals, misdirected reforms, misapplied standards, and hard-won freedom well worth smiling over.

SWEDEY. Ethel Hueston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

Following Swedey is as sticky a business as the lollypop with which she is discovered in the first chapter. With incredible quiescence she goes through associations with a Methodist ministerial family, several laundries, a doctor, an army captain, and some waiters, to a grimly glorious love. One of the gentler romances of the World War runs through the book, and there are some charming glimpses of Iowan country life. The trick ending to the story is amusing, but for the most part "Swedey" is an excellent example of the lengths to which linked sweetness can be drawn out.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO. By William J. Locke. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The love story of two unusual people, Paula Field and Sir Victor Pandolfo. Both are large-hearted, large-minded, fascinating, gifted, and proud. She is a young widow, gently born, beautiful and aware at once imperially and humorously of her charms. He, the son of an English housemaid and an Italian image-vender, is an inventor, a genius, and a master of men; egoistic, generous, impulsive, gallant, dramatic; a magnificent exotic creature accustomed to carry everything before him. But Paula, who instinctively rebels at his overwhelmingness, is not easily to be carried. Mr. Locke still excels in the happy art of discovering new and interesting people concerning whom, as soon as he introduces them to us, we quite naturally and simply want to know all that he can tell. Paula and the Great Pandolfo are worthy additions to the long list of such literary acquaintances for which already his readers have occasion to be grateful.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLCONDA. By William N. Vaile. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The author of this exciting tale of mining, murder, and mystery is, we are informed, a Representative in Congress from Colorado. Whether his Congressional experience has assisted him in the composition of his novel is dubious, but if he could preserve its style and spirit in the halls of the Capitol some future pages of the "Congressional Record" might be so much the easier reading—yet stay! Were we not tempted to skip, and did we not compromise on skimming, his hero's one political speech? We were, and we did. But it is a very brief speech at that, and the remaining 299 pages we absorbed entire and without pause.

Essays and Criticism

H. L. MENCKEN. By Ernest Boyd. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.

It was a poet, albeit a New Yorker, of course, who said that the owl was also "an earnest boid." But in this book the serious Mr. Boyd takes his life in his hands, and accuses Mr. Mencken, for nineteen long pages, of being an 100% American! It will take many a draught of Pilsener to drown the memory of that insolence. Mr. Boyd also repeats most of the familiar sayings about Mr. Mencken: That he is really a good-natured man, who does not, in his own home life, roar and rave constantly against all things American—against all things, in fact, outside Berlin and Vienna; that he is a hard worker; and that his seeming ferocity has had its calculated object in scaring many of the timid; and in making the Greenwich Village maidens love to display his magazine, the "American Mercury," as they walk uptown with it clutched in their hands—much as Bunthorne carried a lily.

The object of Mr. Boyd is to show that there is a legend about Mr. Mencken, but that, while his bark is terrible, his bite is not half so terrible. Nevertheless, long after it was announced that the editors of the "Smart Set" would cease in their new and chastened "American Mercury" to use the shillalah method of criticism, there is still a good deal of club-swinging and *Schrechlichkeit*—but incidentally the "Mercury" is a very readable magazine. Its weakest feature is that so many of its contribu-

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Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

tors try to write exactly like Mr. Mencken.

Drama

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS. By Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5.

It is an excellent thing for a player to have more than one interest; if he is bound entirely to the stage, then he can talk of nothing but shop, and his circle of friends is confined to those whose concerns are no broader than his. When Forbes-Robertson announced his retirement, every one said, Why he will go back to his painting. They did not know how near to his heart the brush and palette were. But they merely caught the suggestion and passed it along.

In his reminiscences, just published, the graceful impersonator of Hamlet confesses that he never had the temperament for the theater. It is futile to speculate whether he would have made a greater painter than actor. He used the brush many times, and there are a large number of portraits by him in various homes. But we are pleased with his art life, because in his book it has enriched the pages with many excellent word pictures of artists and writers with whom he came in contact before and after he went on the stage. He speaks with intimacy, with charm, with vividness, of these Royal Academicians. In fact, there is much reverence in these pages for most of the people he associated with. There is no self-conceit in Forbes-Robertson's reminiscences. He gives us a quiet narrative, with much humor in it, and running through with but one insistence—his hatred and mistrust of the Hun. His family circle was a warm and vivid one. The drawing-room life of his day must have been delightful, especially if through these drawing-rooms could pass such folk as George Macdonald, Ford Madox Brown, Alma Tadema, Rossetti, and Swinburne.

Forbes-Robertson began his career in that period of the English theater which was at the beginning of what Henry Arthur Jones first called its Renascence. It was the time of Charles Reade and Wills, and Taylor and Robertson. Then came the healthy novelty of Pinero. His era was the time of Marie Wilton, of Irving and Terry in their pristine strength. He tried out his abilities with Mary Anderson and Modjeska. He first came to New York in 1885. Throughout his volume, with the particular care of a Baedeker, he notes the characteristics of the United States and emphasizes the changes in our strange (to the British) land through successive generations. Toward the middle of his book, memory being full, he seems to have rushed his story. That is unfortunate. This gentleman, who with his pen has caught some of the courtly rhythm of "Hamlet," should have given more of his full life.

Language

EUPHON ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By M. E. De Witt. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.20.

This book aims to promote the correct pronunciation of the English language as it is spoken by cultivated persons in England, Canada, and the United States. It gives "euphonetigraphs," or reproductions in print of the pronunciation of a number of personages of all these countries.

WORDS AND IDIOMS: STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Chapters on English sea terms; the English element in foreign languages; four "romantic" words; popular speech and standard English; and English idioms.

Biography

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE NATIONAL CAPITAL. By Allen C. Clark. Published by the Author, Washington, D. C.

Lincoln's associations with the city of Washington—his personal rather than his political life. His first coming as a Congressman; the balls and functions he attended as President; the shops he patronized; his death and funeral; and the trial of his assassins. Whatever is new in the book is perhaps not of great historical importance, but everything connected with Lincoln is interesting. The illustrations, chiefly from photographs taken in Lincoln's time, are many and excellent.

Notes on New Books

A GROUNDWORK OF ECONOMICS. By Joseph Johnston. The Educational Company of Ireland, Ltd., Dublin. 2s. 6d.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. By John W. Davis, Philip Cook, Albert C. Ritchie, Luther B. Wilson, and Charles E. Hughes. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.

Addresses given under the management of the American Bar Association.

ENCHANTERS OF MEN. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

Reprint of a book published in England in 1909. Histories of the great vamps.

FATHER'S FIRST TWO YEARS. By Fairfax Downey. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $1.50.

An illustrated handbook, humorous but not lacking in usefulness, on how a father should behave toward a baby.

HISTORIC SILVER OF THE COLONIES AND ITS MAKERS. By Francis Hill Bigelow. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Handsomely illustrated and physically very heavy. A fine book of information, with pictures on nearly every page. First published in 1917. This is a new edition.

FAITH AND SUCCESS. By Basil King. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.

Moral and spiritual counsel.

BEST SERMONS, 1925. Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

About twenty sermons.

ADVERTISING THE CHURCH. By Francis H. Case. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.25.

How to boost the church; suggestions by church advertisers.

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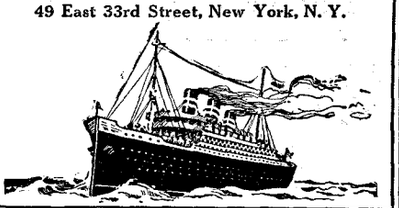

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Industrials

THE word "industrials" comprises a multitude of investments and speculations. There still exist people who shake their heads seriously when one speaks of a sound industrial bond, because they believe that there is no such thing. And there are many who think that industrials as a class are infected with fundamental risk. Industrial common stocks with those people are deemed positively dangerous. What is an industrial? It may be anything, almost. In the classification are the textiles—cotton, wool, and silk; great basic industries like steel; manufacturing industries of almost every conceivable kind, type, structure, and degree of stability. General Electric is an industrial; so is the latest local venture

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in the production of a machine-made article for the household, office, or general trade. To many minds the classification is a poor one, because it includes too much. Recognizing this fact is half the battle in investing in industrials. It is better to think of investing in an industry as an entity less comprehensive and more capable of analysis than in a grouping called industrials.

The real, good reason why suspicion of the soundness of industrials exists is interesting. Past experience shows that industrials are likely to fluctuate markedly with the fluctuations in business and trade. It takes but a superficial review of readily available statistical measures to prove that this is so. Further, there are the fluctuations within each industry, as, for example, the present depression in textiles. Further still, there is the fact that many industrial corporations, and among them some gigantic ones, are relatively new and young, and hence unstable. An additional consideration of importance is that the finger can be pointed to sensational collapses of apparently prosperous industrials whose misfortunes have prejudiced investors against the entire class. Compared with a public utility or with gas and electric light stocks, many industrials sail relatively stormy seas.

To how great an extent the prosperity of industrials depends on factors beyond the immediate control of the best management is not always realized. Sudden changes in women's fashions reduce the demand for cloth, build up the silk-stocking industry, create a new industry of imitation silks. A war across the ocean brings wealth to an obscure factory which hitherto had merely "pegged along." Radio and automobiles carry with their growth success to endless makers of accessories, not to speak of manufacturers of batteries and parts, copper mines, plate-glass mills, and rubber factories. Examples can be multiplied. The kaleidoscope is fascinating, somewhat bewildering; it calls for intense study on the part of the investor.

Yet, though such factors as these affect industrials, do they not also, in greater or less degree, affect all business?

Examining industrials more minutely, we can see that, after all, and in the long run here as in all fields of endeavor, the careful builder of business, the courageous yet conservative financial mind, is at work forming in America a structure of industries which is yearly becoming more stable, more adjustable to the winds of fortune, safer for the investor. In an industrial age industries are a basic necessity. Self-preservation demands the exercise of the very qualities whose lack

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You may invest in denominations of $100, $500 or $1,000, outright or under our Investment Savings Plan.

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is largely responsible for past failures. The scientific man, the statistician, the business analyzer, the advertising counsel, bring to industry special abilities which, together with scientific management of production, are discovering and solving difficulties that a decade ago seemed impossible of eradication.

What are the requirements of a "really safe" industrial? In short space it is hard to make adequate answer to this perfectly proper question, but some idea can be given.

In the first place, there must be competent management, efficient plant, and sound financial structure. These are bare essentials, and to say how they are to be attained, and how to judge them, is to repeat the fundamentals of all business. In addition, there must be a distributing or sales mechanism which will seek and hold markets. In these days it is not enough to make the best mousetraps in the world; you must force the knowledge that they are the best upon the world. In addition, also, there must be fullest realization on the part of productive and distributive officers of the whole industry and of its position not only in the industry but of the industry's position in the entire scheme of business. In other words, in these days of world markets and world competition, which tariffs can only slightly affect—with striking exceptions—there is need for a degree of constant research and ability to interpret and apply research's findings.

One of the largest advertising agencies in the country had this illuminating experience, apropos here: The directors of a certain corporation decided that they must advertise, and appropriated the sum of a quarter of a million dollars to do it. The agency said, "We must make a study of your product, your sales problem, of your industry." After a month the agency reported that the directors had best invest their advertising appropriation in almost anything except advertising. What was needed was a sales force, not newspaper and magazine advertising. The reason why is too long to tell here, but the point is that but for their good sense in choosing an honest agency the lack of judgment on the part of the management would have wasted valuable dollars. Not only good brains but many brains and alert brains are required by industry to-day.

In this article space forbids anything like a detailed study of industrial investments. In "Investment: A New Profession," [1] Henry S. Sturgis gives the results

[1] The Macmillan Company, New York, 1924.

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Total to Meet Indebtedness		**$262,950,570.63**
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The Outlook Financial Service Department

THE OUTLOOK

120 East 16th Street New York

of a careful study of investments made in 1921, and a list of companies whose securities, or some of them, were at that time considered investments was compiled. The following industrial bonds met the exacting tests set up: General Electric debentures, United States Steel sinking fund 5s, Cuban American Sugar 8s, Standard Oil of New York 7s, Standard Oil of Southern California debentures, and Western Electric 7s. The industrial stocks were common, with the exception of Allied Chemical and Dye preferred, and these were the companies: General Electric, Woolworth, Standard Oil of New Jersey, New York, California, Kentucky; Royal Dutch, Electric Storage Battery, Owens Bottle, American Locomotive, American Car and Foundry, American Radiator, United States Steel, Otis Elevator, and General Motors (debentures).

This enumeration, arrived at after very painstaking probing of the records of the corporations, is not published here as a hint for investors to-day. I print it to warrant repeating the point that there is nothing inherently different in a stock or bond because it is an industrial from what it would be if the issuing company were a public utility or a railroad. Management, financial structure, and earning power are the central considerations.

In another book, "Industrial Ownership," by Robert Brookings, there is a significant table which shows that the average earnings of twenty selected industrials were not greatly below that of National banks. The summary covers the earnings of the years 1919–23, and the ratio of net earnings to capitalization was worked out accurately. In the case of banks, for reasons which are more or less obvious, the ratio is that of net earnings to capital, surplus, and undivided profits. Part of the table follows:

Company	Average Net Earnings	Percentage Net Earnings to Capitalization
U. S. Steel Corp.	$102,299,800	7.23
Bethlehem Steel Corp.	21,405,800	7.22
Republic Iron & Steel Co.	3,009,000	4.32
National Lead Co.	5,043,800	9.41
Amer. Car & Foundry Co.	8,704,200	14.51
Baldwin Locomotive W'ks	6,013,400	12.02
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	13,834,400	13.96
Worthington Pump & Machinery Corp.	1,570,000	7.24
Internat. Harvester Co.	11,626,400	7.62
Amer. Agricul. Chem. Co.	1,118,800	1.28
Swift & Co.	12,353,600	5.59
Amer. Sugar Refining Co.	6,920,000	6.78
Corn Products Refin'g Co.	10,750,400	13.24
American Tobacco Co.	18,748,800	12.30
American Woolen Co.	7,065,800	9.06
Central Leather Co.	*3,152,200	—3.18
Cluett, Peabody & Co.	2,649,400	10.12
Endicott Johnson Corp.	4,549,800	14.69
U. S. Rubber Co.	15,592,800	6.88
Studebaker Corp.	13,194,400	18.17
Aggregate	$263,298,400	
Average	13,164,920	7.75
All National Banks	225,142,600	8.34

* Deficit.

The conclusion to be drawn from these

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Roses and Sweet Peas

By Bill Adams

I DON'T know what to write about. One hesitates to write, half afraid to put one's thought on paper for the world to see. One looks backward along life with wonder, and, looking forward, wonders the more.

I've been thinking of pictures I have seen along life's gallery, remembering the words and the faces of people. Such a many people!

It is sunset time. I recall a sunset a dozen years or so ago. I was working in an orange packing-house, taking the fruit from the wagons as the teamsters unloaded it. It was mid-April, and the day had been showery.

Behind me the grader women sat at their grading, sorting the fruit that rolled by on the canvas belts. Beyond the graders threescore packers with flying fingers wrapped the golden fruit. Truckers and rustlers hurried to and fro. The voices of the packers rose continually, calling "Box!" bidding the rustlers take their full-packed boxes. A switch engine clanked along the rails upon the other side of the packing-house. All was bustle and hurry, for it was close to quitting time. Rows of electric lights shone through the dusty haze above the workers. Machinery whirred and rattled. Eastward, opposite the doorway in which I worked, great tumbled ruddy clouds clung to the mountain ridges. Here and there amid the clouds a pink snow peak arose. The canyons were darkling.

But for one lone late teamster, who urged his straining team toward my door, the wet street was deserted. His horses pulled with their heads low, muscles on flank and shoulder rigid, dry sweat of a long day's labor white about their collar-pads.

Without a word to me, the teamster commenced to lift the orchard boxes from his wagon-bed, stacking them on the floor before my truck. There was no moist sweat upon his face. The long-dry furrows of his brow were dust streaked. He grunted now and then, and winked to me.

Between his lips he held a bright-red rose. I knew him well; a happy-go-lucky, care-free, cussing sort of man—a common type of common laborer.

When all his boxes were unloaded, while, eager for their barn and barley, his team stirred restless feet, he stretched his arms and looked up to my face. He took the red rose from between his lips and held it toward me.

"Jesus!" said he; "ain't that a pretty rose?"

I think that deep within the heart of all of us there dwells the bud of hunger for pure beauty.

His "Jesus" was, to me, not blasphemy, but prayer.

Once there came to my doorstep an old and beery tramp. He drank a cup of coffee and grew talkative, seated beside me on the kitchen step.

"Them sweet peas ain't doin' good," said he, nodding to my weak row of poorly growing peas.

I said nothing.

"I'd used to dig me two little trenches, might be six inches deep, about when the first cool nights was comin' after summer," he said. "Afore I'd dig 'em I'd fertilize the dirt. I'd poke a lot o' little holes in the bottom o' the trenches and drop a pea down each of 'em. See?"

I said that I saw.

"Jest so soon as them peas beginned to shew I'd sift a little o' the loose dirt from off the top o' the trench down on 'em, and w'en they come up again I'd sift some more. I'd keep asiftin' and asiftin' till the trenches was most level. Then I'd quit an' leave the peas grow out. We sure did raise fine sweet peas."

I said nothing.

"God!" said he, and wiped a brown hand across his fishy eyes.

I said nothing.

"I'd ought not to be like this," he said. "It's all my fault. I'm glad if she don't know."

I said nothing.

"We had a bit of a home one time, me an' my wife. She was that fond o' garden. She sure did like sweet peas."

I fetched him another cup of coffee.

"When she took sick it all went—operations an' hospital, doctor bills and such. When she was gone, I didn't have nothing. We never had no kids."

I held my hand out to him, and, taking it, he said:

"W'en you puts in sweet peas in fall, do like I says. Fix them trenches for 'em. They'll do fine."

I hope his wife can see the blossoms.

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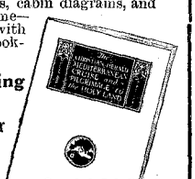

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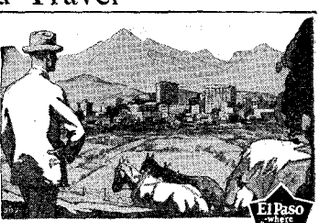

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HENRY BANNON, formerly United States Congressman from Southern Ohio, is a prominent attorney in Portsmouth, Ohio, and counsel for the Norfolk and Western Railway Company. He is a hunter of big game in the Rockies and Alaska.

CHARLES STELZLE has studied for years the various problems which trouble the workingman. He has investigated the labor question in nearly every industrial center in this country and in Europe, and has spoken in big mass-meetings to more workingmen than any other man in America. Mr. Stelzle has been identified with nearly every important forward movement in religion and social service in this country during the past fifteen years.

THE Rev. T. O. Reed, Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, writes us that Convict 49,068 has had a high school education and is an accountant by occupation. That is all we are free to say of the author of "This Reformation Business."

WILLARD WATTLES is the author of several volumes of fine poetry and a contributor to magazines. He has recently accepted a position as assistant professor in the English Department of the Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis, Oregon.

By the Way

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